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"HAWORTH'S."

CHAPTER XI.

MISS FFRENCH RETURNS.

THEY took the girl home with them, and three days later the Ffrenchs returned. They came entirely unheralded, and it was Janey who brought the news of their arrival to the Works.

"They've coom," she said, in passing Murdoch on her way to her father. "Mester Ffrench an' *her*. They rode through th' town this mornin' i' a kerridge. Nobody knowed about it till they seed 'em."

The news was the principal topic of conversation through the day, and the comments made were numerous and varied. The most general opinions were that Ffrench was in a "tight place," or had "getten some crank i' hond."

"He's noan fond enow o' th' place to ha' coom back fur nowt," said Floxham. "He's a bit harder up than common, that's it."

In the course of the morning Haworth came in. Murdoch was struck with his unsettled and restless air; he came in awkwardly, and looking as if he had something to say, but though he loitered about some time, he did not say it.

"Come up to the house to-night," he broke out at last. "I want company."

It occurred to Murdoch that he wished to say more, but, after linger-

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ing for a few minutes, he went away. As he crossed the threshold, however, he paused uneasily.

"I say," he said, "Ffrench has come back."

"So I heard," Murdoch answered.

When he presented himself at the house in the evening, Haworth was alone as usual. Wines were on the table, and he seemed to have drunk deeply. He was flushed, and showed still the touch of uneasiness and excitement he had betrayed in the morning.

"I'm glad you've come," he said.

"I'm out of soarts—or something."

He ended with a short laugh, and turned about to pour out a glass of wine. In doing so his hand trembled so that a few drops fell upon it. He shook them off angrily.

"What's up with me?" he said.

He drained the glass at a draught, and filled it again.

"I saw Ffrench to-day," he said.

"I saw them both."

"Both!" repeated Murdoch, wondering at him.

"Yes. She is with him."

"She!" and then remembering the episode of the handkerchief, he added, rather slowly, "You mean Miss Ffrench?"

Haworth nodded.

He was pushing his glass to and fro with shaking hands, his voice was hoarse and uncertain.

"I passed the carriage on the road,"

he said, "and Ffrench stopped it to speak to me. He's not much altered. I never saw her before. She's a woman now—and a handsome woman, by George!"

The last words broke from him as if he could not control them. He looked up at Murdoch, and as their eyes met he seemed to let himself loose.

"I may as well make a clean breast of it," he said. "I'm—I'm hard hit. I'm hard hit."

Murdoch flinched. He would rather not have heard the rest. He had had emotion enough during the last few days, and this was of a kind so novel that he was overwhelmed by it. But Haworth went on—

"It's a queer thing," he said. "I can't quite make it out. I—I feel as if I must talk—about it—and yet there's naught to say. I've seen a woman that's—that's taken hold on me."

He passed his hands across his lips, which were parched and stiff.

"You know the kind of a fellow I've been," he said. "I've known women enough, and too many; but there's never been one like this. There's always been plenty like the rest. I sat and stared at this one like a block-head. She set me trembling. It came over me all at once. I don't know what Ffrench thought. I said to myself, 'Here's the first woman that ever held me back.' She's one of your high kind, that's hard to get nigh. She's got a way to set a man mad. She'll be hard to get at, by George!"

Murdoch felt his pulse start. The man's emotion had communicated itself to him, so far at least.

"I don't know much of women," he said. "I've not been thrown among them; I——"

"No," said Haworth roughly, "they're not in your line, lad. If they were, happen I shouldn't be so ready to speak out."

Then he began and told his story more minutely, relating how, as he drove to the Works, he had met the carriage, and Ffrench had caught sight

of him and ordered the servant to stop; how he had presented his daughter, and spoken as if she had heard of him often before; how she had smiled a little, but had said nothing.

"She's got a way which makes a man feel as if she was keeping something back, and sets him to wondering what it is. She's not likely to be forgot soon; she gives a chap something to think over."

He talked fast and heatedly, and sometimes seemed to lose himself. Now and then he stopped, and sat brooding a moment in silence, and then roused himself with a start, and drank more wine and grew more flushed and excited.

After one of these fitful reveries, he broke out afresh, with queer uneasiness.

"I—wonder what folk 'll say to her of me. They won't give me an over good name, I'll warrant. What a fool I've been! What a d—— fool I've been all my life! Let them say what they like. They'll make me black enough; but there is plenty would like to stand in Jem Haworth's shoes. I've never been beat yet. I've stood up and held my own,—and women *like* that. And as to th' name," with rough banter, "it's not chaps like you they fancy, after all."

"As to that," said Murdoch coldly, "I've told you I know nothing of women and their ways."

He felt restive without knowing why. He was glad when he could fresh himself and get out into the fresh night air; it seemed all the fresher after the atmosphere he had breathed in-doors.

The night was bright and mild. After cold, un-spring-like weather had come an ephemeral balminess. The moon was at full, and he stepped across the threshold into a light as clear as day.

He walked rapidly, scarcely noting the road he passed over until he had reached the house which stood alone among its trees,—the house Haworth had pointed out a few months before.

It was lighted now, and its lights attracted his attention.

"It's a brighter-looking place than it was then," he said.

He never afterward could exactly recall how it was that at this moment he started, turned, and for a breath's space came to a full stop.

He had passed out of the shadow of the high boundary wall into the broad moonlight which flooded the gateway. The iron gates were open, and a white figure stood in the light—the figure of a tall young woman who did not move.

He was so near that her dress almost touched him. In another moment he was hurrying along the road again, not having spoken, and scarcely understanding the momentary shock he had received.

"That," he said to himself,—"that was she?"

When he reached home and opened the door of the little parlour, the girl Christian Murdoch was sitting alone by the dying fire in the grate. She turned and looked at him curiously.

"Something," she said, "has happened to you. What is it?"

"I don't know," he answered, "that anything has happened to me—anything of importance."

She turned to the fire again and sat gazing at it, rubbing the back of one hand slowly with the palm of the other, as it lay on her knee.

"Something has happened to me," she said. "To-day I have seen some one I know."

"Some one you know?" he echoed. "Here?"

She nodded her head.

"Some one I know," she repeated, "though I do not know her name. I should like to know it."

"Her name," he said. "Then it is a woman?"

"Yes, a woman—a young woman. I saw her abroad—four—five times."

She began to check off the number of times on her fingers.

"In Florence once," she said. "In

Munich twice; in Paris—yes, in Paris twice again."

"When and how?" he asked.

As he spoke, he thought of the unruffled serenity of the face he had just seen.

"Years ago, the first time," she answered, without the least change of tone, "in a church in Florence. I went in because I was wet and cold and hungry, and it was light and warm there. I was a little thing, and left to ramble in the streets. I liked the streets better than my mother's room. I was standing in the church, looking at the people and trying to feel warm, when a girl came in with a servant. She was handsome and well-dressed, and looked almost like a woman. When she saw me she laughed. I was such a little thing, and so draggled and forlorn. That was why she laughed. The next year I saw her again, at Munich. Her room was across the street and opposite mine, and she sat at the window, amusing herself by playing with her dog and staring at me. She had forgotten me, but I had not forgotten her; and she laughed at me again. 'In Paris it was the same thing. Our windows were opposite each other again. It was five years after; but that time she knew me, though she pretended she did not. She drove past the house to-day, and I saw her. I should like to know her name.'"

"I think I can tell you what it is," he said. "She is a Miss Ffrench. Her father is a Broxton man. They have a place here."

"Have they?" she asked. "Will they live here?"

"I believe so," he answered.

She sat for a moment, rubbing her hand slowly as before, and then she spoke.

"So much the worse," she said,—"so much the worse for me."

She went up to her room when she left him. It was a little room in the second story, and she had become fond of it. She often sat alone there. She had been sitting at its window when

Rachel French had driven by in the afternoon. As she entered she saw the window was still open, and a gust of wind passing through it had scattered several light articles about the floor. She went to pick them up. They were principally loose papers, and as she bent to raise the first one she discovered that it was yellow with age and covered with a rough drawing of some mechanical appliance. Another and another presented the same plan—drawn again and again, elaborately and with great pains at times, and then hastily as if some new thought had suggested itself. On several were written dates and on others a few words.

She was endeavouring to decipher some of these faintly-written words when a fresh gust of rising wind rushed past her as she stood, and immediately there fell upon her ear a slight ghostly rustle. Near her was a small unused closet, whose door had been thrown open, and as she turned toward it there fluttered from one of the shelves a sheet of paper yellower than the rest. She picked it up and read the words written upon the back of the drawing. They had been written twenty-six years before.

"To-day the child was born. It is a boy. By the time he is a year old my work will be done."

The girl's heart began to beat quickly. The papers rustled again, and a kind of fear took possession of her.

"He wrote it," she said aloud. "The man who is dead—who is *dead*; and it was not finished at all."

She closed the window, eager to shut out the wind; then she closed the door and went back to the papers. Her fancies concerning Steven Murdoch had taken very definite shape from the first. She knew two things of him; that he had been gentle and unworldly, and that he had cherished throughout his life a hope which had eluded him until death had come between him and his patient and unflagging labour.

The sight of the yellow faded papers moved her to powerful feeling. She had never had a friend; she had stood alone from her earliest childhood, and here was a creature who had been desolate too—who must have been desolate, since he had been impelled to write the simple outcome of his thoughts again and again upon the paper he wrought on, as if no human being had been near to hear.

It was this which touched her most of all. There was scarcely a sheet upon which some few words were not written. Each new plan bore its date, and some hopeful or weary thought. He had been tired often, but never faithless to his belief. The end was never very far off. A few days, one more touch, would bring it,—and then he had forgotten all the past.

"I can afford to forget it," he said once. "It only seems strange now that it should have lasted so long, when so few steps remain to be taken."

These words had been written on his leaving America. He was ready for his departure. They were the last record. When she had read them, Christian pushed the papers away, and sat gazing into space with dilated eyes.

"He died," she said. "He is *dead*. Nothing can bring him back; and it is forgotten."

CHAPTER XII.

GRANNY DIXON.

THE next time Janey brought the paternal dinner to the yard she sought out Murdoch in a dejected mood. She found him reading over his lunch in the sunshine, and she sat down opposite to him, folding her arms on her lap.

"We're i' trouble agen at our house," she said. "We're allus i' trouble. If it is na one thing, it's another."

Murdoch shut his book and leaned back upon his pile of lumber to listen. He always listened.

"What is it this time?" he asked, "This toime!" querulously. "This is th' worst o' th' lot. Granny Dixon's come back."

"Granny Dixon?"

Janey shook her head.

"Tha knows nowt about her," she said. "I niver tow'd thee nowt. She's my feyther's grandmother, an' she's ower ninety years owd, an' she's gotten money. If it wur na fur that no one ud stand her, but"—with a sigh—"foak conna turn away brass."

Having relieved herself of which sentiment she plunged into the subject with fresh asperity.

"Theer's no knowin' how to tak' her," she said. "Yo' mun shout at th' top o' yore voice to mak' her hear, an' she wunnot let nowt go by. She mun hear aw as is goin'. She's out wi' Mester Hixon at th' chapel because she says she conna hear him an' he does it a-purpose. When she wur out wi' ivvery body else she used to say she wur goin' to leave her brass to him, an' she invited him to tea ivvery neet fur a week, an' had him set by her chair an' talk. It wur summer toime an' I've seed him set an' shout wi' th' sweat a-pourin' down his face an' his neck-tie aw o' one soide, an' at th' eend o' a week he had a quinsy, as wur nigh bein' th' eend o' him. An' she niver forgave him. She said as he wur an impident chap as thowt hissen too good fur his betters."

Murdoch expressed his sympathy promptly.

"I wish tha'd coom up an' talk to her some day thysen," said Janey. "It ud rest us a bit," candidly. "Yo're gotten th' kind o' voice to mak' folk hear, though yo' dunnot speak so loud, an' if yo' get close up to her ear an' say things slow, yo'd get used to it i' toime."

"I'll come some day," answered Murdoch, speculating with some doubt as to the possible result of the visit.

Her mind relieved, Janey rose to take her departure. Suddenly, however, a new idea presented itself to her active mind.

"Has tha seen Miss Ffrench yet?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered.

"What does tha think on her?"

He picked up his book and re-opened it.

"I only saw her for an instant," he said. "I hadn't time to think anything."

On his way from his work a few days later, he stopped at the Briarleys' cottage. It was swept and garnished; there were no traces of the children about. Before he reached the house, there had been borne to him the sound of a voice reading at its highest and shrillest pitch, and he had recognized it as Janey's.

As he entered, that young person rose panting from her seat, in her eagerness almost dropping the graphically illustrated paper she held in her hand.

"Eh!" she exclaimed. "I am glad to see thee! I could na ha' stood it mich longer. She would ha' me read the 'To-be-continyerd' one, an' I've bin at it nigh an hour."

Granny Dixon turned on her sharply.

"What art tha stoppin' fur?" she demanded. "What's th' matter wi' thee?"

Murdoch gave a slight start. The sound was so tremendous that it seemed almost impossible that it should proceed from the small and shrivelled figure in the arm-chair.

"What art tha stoppin' fur?" she repeated. "Get on wi' thee."

Janey drew near and spoke in her ear.

"It's Mester Murdoch," she proclaimed; "him as I tow'd yo' on."

The little bent figure turned slowly, and Murdoch felt himself transfixed by the gaze of a pair of large keen eyes. They had been handsome eyes half a century before, and the wrinkled and seamed face had had its comeliness too.

"Tha said he wur a workin' mon," she cried, after a pause. "What did tha tell me that theer fur?"

"He is a workin' mon," said Janey. "He's gotten his work-cloas on now. Does na tha see 'em?"

"Cloas!" announced the Voice again. "Cloas i'deed! A mon is na made out o' cloas. I've seed workin' men afore i' my day, an' I know 'em."

Then she extended her hand, crooking the forefinger like a claw, in a beckoning gesture.

"Coom tha here," she commanded, "and set thyself down to talk to me."

She gave the order in the manner of a female potentate, and Murdoch obeyed her with a sense of overpowering fascination.

"Wheer art tha fro'?" she demanded.

He made his reply, "From America," as distinct as possible, and was relieved to find that it reached her at once.

"'Merica?" she repeated. "I've heerd o' 'Merica often enow. That's wheer th' blacks live, an' th' Indians. I knowed a young chap as went theer, an' th' Indians scalped him. He went theer because I would na ha' him. It wur when I wur a lass."

She paused a moment and then said the last words over again, nodding her head with a touch of grim satisfaction.

"He went theer because I would na ha' him. It wur when I wur a lass."

He was watching her so intently that he was quite startled a second time when she turned her eyes upon him and spoke again, still nodding.

"I wur a han'some lass," she said. "I wur a han'some lass—seventy year' ago."

It was quite plain that she had been. The thing which was least pleasant about her now was a certain dead and withered suggestion of a beauty of a not altogether sinless order.

The recollection of the fact seemed to enliven her so far that she was inspired to conducting the greater part of the conversation herself. Her voice grew louder and louder, a dull

red began to show itself on her cheeks and her eyes sparkled. She had been "a han'some lass, seventy year' ago, an' had had her day—as theer wur dead folk could tell."

"She'll go on i' that rood aw neet, if summat dunnout tak' her off it," said Janey. "She loikes to talk about that theer better than owt else."

But something did happen "to tak' her off it."

"Tha'st gotten some reason i' thee," she announced. "Tha does na oppen tha mouth as if tha wanted to swally folk when tha says what tha'st gotten to say. Theer's no workin' men's ways about thee—cloas or no cloas."

"That's th' way she goes on," said Janey. "She canna bide folk to look soft when they'se shoutin' to her. That was one o' th' things she had agen Mester Hixon. She said he gotten so red i' th' face it put her out o' patience."

"I loike a 'mon as is na a foo'," proclaimed Granny Dixon. But there her voice changed and grew sharp and tremulous. "Wheer's that flower?" she cried. "Who's gotten it?"

Janey turned towards the door and uttered a shrill little cry of excitement.

"It's Miss Ffrench," she said. "She's—she's standin' at th' door."

It would have been impossible to judge from her expression how long she had been there. She stood upon the threshold with a faint smile upon her lips, and spoke to Janey.

"I want to see your mother," she said.

"I'll—I'll go and tell her," the child faltered. "Will yo' come in?"

She hesitated a second and then came in. Murdoch had arisen. She did not seem to see him as she passed before him to reach the chair in which she sat down. In fact she expressed scarcely a shadow of recognition of her surroundings. But upon Granny Dixon had fallen a sudden feverish tremor.

"Who did she say yo' wur?" she cried. "I did na hear her."

The visitor turned and confronted her.

"I am Rachel Ffrench," she answered, in a clear, high voice.

The dull red deepened upon the old woman's cheeks, and her eyes gained new fire.

"Yo're a good un to mak' a body hear," she said. "An' I know yo'."

Miss Ffrench made no reply. She smiled incredulously at the fire.

The old woman moved restlessly.

"Aye, but I do," she cried. "I know yo'. Yo're Ffrench fro' head to foot. Wheer did yo' get that?"

She was pointing at a flower at Miss Ffrench's throat—a white, strongly fragrant, hot-house flower. Miss Ffrench cast a downward glance at it.

"There are plenty to be had," she said. "I got it from home."

"I've seen 'em before," said Granny Dixon. "He used to wear 'em i' his button-hole."

Miss Ffrench made no reply and she went on, her tones increasing in volume with her excitement.

"I'm talkin' o' Will Ffrench," she said. "He wur thy gran'feyther. He wur dead afore yo' wur born."

Miss Ffrench seemed scarcely interested, but Granny Dixon had not finished.

"He wur a bad un!" she cried. "He wur a devil! He wur a devil out an' out. I knowed him an' he knowed me."

Then she bent forward and touched Miss Ffrench's arm.

"Theer wur na a worse un nor a bigger devil nowheer," she said. "An' yo're th' very moral on him."

Miss Ffrench got up and turned toward the door to speak to Mrs. Briarley who that moment arrived in great haste carrying the baby, out of breath, and stumbling in her tremor at receiving gentlefolk company.

"Your visitor has been talking to me," she remarked, her little smile showing itself again. "She says my grandfather was a devil."

She answered all Mrs. Briarley's

terrified apologies with the same little smile. She had been passing by and had remembered that the housekeeper needed assistance in some matter and it had occurred to her to come in. That was all, and having explained herself, she went away as she had come.

"Eh!" fretted Mrs. Briarley, "to think o' that theer owd besom talkin' i' that rood to a lady. That's allus th' way wi' her. She'd mak' trouble anyweher. She made trouble enow when she wur young. She wur na no better than she should be then, an' she's nowt so much better now."

"What's that tha't saying?" demanded the Voice. "A noice way that wur fur a lady to go out wi'out so much as sayin' good-day to a body. She's as loike him as two peas—an' he wur a devil. Here," to Murdoch, "pick up that theer flower she's dropped."

Murdoch turned to the place she pointed out. The white flower lay upon the flagged floor. He picked it up and handed it to her with a vague recognition of the powerfulness of its fragrance. She took it and sat mumbling over it.

"It's th' very same," she muttered. "He used to wear 'em i' his button-hole when he coom. An' she's the very moral on him."

CHAPTER XIII.

MR. FFRENCH VISITS THE WORKS.

THERE were few men in Broxton or the country surrounding it who were better known than Gerard Ffrench. In the first place, he belonged, as it were, to Broxton, and his family for several generations back had belonged to it. His great-grandfather had come to the place a rich man and had built a huge house outside the village, and as the village had become a town the Ffrenchs had held their heads high. They had confined themselves to Broxton until Gerard Ffrench took his place. They had spent their

lives there and their money. Those who lived to remember the youth and manhood of the present Ffrench's father had, like Granny Dixon, their stories to tell. His son, however, was a man of a different mould. There were no evil stories of him. He was a well-bred and agreeable person and lived a refined life. But he was a man with tastes which scarcely belonged to his degree.

"I ought to have been born in the lower classes and have had my way to make," he had been heard to say.

Unfortunately, however, he had been born a gentleman of leisure and educated as one. But this did not prevent him from indulging in his proclivities. He had made more than one wild business venture which had electrified his neighbours. Once he had been on the verge of a great success and again he had overstepped the verge of a great loss. He had lost money, but he had never lost confidence in his business ability.

"I have gained experience," he said. "I shall know better next time."

His wife had died early and his daughter had spent her girlhood with a relative abroad. She had developed into beauty so faultless that it had been said that its order belonged rather to the world of pedestals and catalogues than to ordinary young womanhood.

But the truth was that she was not an ordinary young woman at all.

"I suppose," she said at dinner on the evening of her visit to the Briarleys' cottage,—*"I suppose these work-people are very radical in their views."*

"Why?" asked her father.

"I went into a cottage this afternoon and found a young workman there in his working clothes, and instead of leaving the room he remained in it as if that was the most natural thing to do. It struck me that he must belong to the class of people we read of."

"I don't know much of the political state of affairs now," said Mr.

Ffrench. "Some of these fellows are always bad enough, and this Haworth rose from the ranks. He was a foundry lad himself.

"I met Mr. Haworth, too," said Miss Ffrench. "He stopped in the street to stand looking after the carriage. He is a very big person."

"He is a very successful fellow," with something like a sigh. "A man who has made of himself what he has through sheer power of will and business capacity is a genius."

"What has he made of himself?" inquired Miss Ffrench.

"Well," replied her father, "the man is actually a millionaire. He is at the head of his branch of the trade; he leads the other manufacturers; he is a kind of king in the place. People may ignore him if they choose. He does not care, and there is no reason why he should."

Mr. Ffrench became rather excited. He flushed and spoke uneasily.

"There are plenty of gentlemen," he said. "We have gentlemen enough and to spare, but we have few men who can make a path through the world for themselves as he has done. For my part, I admire the man. He has the kind of face which moves me to admiration."

"I dare say," said Miss Ffrench, slowly, "that you would have admired the young workman I saw. It struck me at the time that you would."

"By the by," her father asked with a new interest, "what kind of a young fellow was he. Perhaps it was the young fellow who is half American and——"

"He did not look like an Englishman," she interrupted. "He was too dark and tall and unconscious of himself, in spite of his awkwardness. He did not know that he was out of place."

"I have no doubt it was this Murdoch. He is a peculiar fellow, and I am as much interested in him as in Haworth. His father was a Lancashire man,—a half-crazy inventor, who died leaving an unfinished model which

was to have made his fortune. I have heard a great deal of the son. I wish I had seen him."

Rachel Ffrench made no reply. She had heard this kind of thing before. There had been a young man from Cumberland who had been on the point of inventing a new propelling power, but had, somehow or other, not done it; there had been a machinist from Manchester who had created an entirely new order of loom—which had not worked; and there had been half a dozen smaller lights whose inventions, though less involved, would still have made fortunes—if they had been quite practical. But Mr. Ffrench had mounted his hobby, which always stood saddled and bridled. He talked of Haworth and Haworth's success, the Works and their machinery. He calculated the expenses and the returns of the business. He even took out his tablets to get at the profits more accurately, and got down the possible cost of various improvements which had suggested themselves.

"He has done so much," he said, "that it would be easy for him to do more. He could accomplish anything if he were a better educated man—or had an educated man as partner. They say," he remarked afterward, "that this Murdoch is not an ignoramus by any means. I hear that he has a positive passion for books, and that he has made several quite remarkable improvements and additions to the machinery at the Works. It would be an odd thing," biting the end of his pencil with a thoughtful air, "it would be a *dramatic* sort of thing if he should make a success of the idea the poor fellow his father left incomplete."

Indeed Miss Ffrench was quite prepared for his after-statement that he intended to pay a visit to the Works and their owner the next morning, though she could not altogether account for the slight hint of secret embarrassment which she fancied displayed itself when he made the announcement.

"It's true the man is rough and high-handed enough," he said. "He has not been too civil in his behaviour to me in times gone by, but I should like to know more of him in spite of it. He is worth cultivating."

He appeared at the Works the following morning, awakening thereby some interest among the shrewder spirits who knew him of old.

"What's he up to now?" they said to each other. "He's gotten some crank i' his yed or he would na be here."

Not being at any time specially shrewd in the study of human nature, it must be confessed that Mr. Ffrench was not prepared for the reception he met with in the owner's room. In his previous rare interviews with Jem Haworth he had been accorded but slight respect. His advances had been met in a manner savouring of rough contempt, his ephemeral hobbies disposed of with the amiable candour of the practical and not too polished mind; he knew he had been jeered at openly at times, and now the man who had regarded him lightly and as if he felt that he held the upper hand, received him almost with a confused, self-conscious air. He even flushed when he got up and awkwardly shook hands.

"Perhaps," said his visitor to himself, "events have taught him to feel the lack in himself after all."

"I looked forward, before my return, to calling upon you," he said aloud. "And I am glad to have the opportunity at last."

Haworth reseated himself after giving him a chair, and answered with a nod and a somewhat incoherent welcome.

Ffrench settled himself with an agreeable consciousness of being less at a loss before the man than he had ever been in his life.

"What I have seen abroad," he said, "has added to the interest I have always felt in our own manufactures. You know that is a thing I have always cared for most. People have

called it my hobby, though I don't think that is quite the right name for it. You have done a great deal since I went away."

"I shall do more yet," said Haworth with effort, "before I've done with the thing."

"You've done a good deal for Broxton. The place has grown wonderfully. Those cottages of yours are good work."

Haworth warmed up. His hand fell upon the table before him heavily.

"It's not Broxton I'm aimin' at," he said. "Broxton's naught to me. I'll have good work or none. It's this place here I'm at work on. I've said I'd set Haworth's above 'em all, and I'll do it."

"You have done it already," answered Ffrench.

"Aye, but I tell you I'll set it higher yet. I've got the money and I've got the will. There's none on 'em can back down Jem Haworth."

"No," said Ffrench, suddenly and unaccountably conscious of a weakness in himself and his position. He did not quite understand the man. His heat was a little confusing.

"This," he decided mentally, "is his hobby."

He sat and listened with real excitement as Haworth launched out more freely and with a touch of braggadocio.

He had set out in his own line, and he meant to follow it in spite of all the gentlemen manufacturers in England. He had asked help from none of them, and they had given him none. He'd brought up the trade and he'd made money. There wasn't a bigger place in the country than Haworth's, nor a place that did the work it did. He'd have naught cheap, and he'd have no fancy prices. The chaps that worked for him knew their business, and knew they'd lose naught by sticking to it. They knew, too, they'd got a master who looked sharp after 'em and stood no cheek nor no slack dodges.

"I've got the best lot in the trade under me," he said. "I've got a young chap in the engine-room as

knows more about machinery than half the top-sawyers in England. By George! I wish I knew as much. He's a quiet chap, and he's young; but if he knew how to look a bit sharper after himself, he'd make his fortune. The trouble is he's too quiet and a bit too much of a gentleman without knowing it. By George! he is a gentleman, if he is naught but Jem Haworth's engineer."

"He is proud of the fellow," thought Ffrench. "Proud of him, because he is a gentleman."

"He knows what's worth knowing," Haworth went on. "And he keeps it to himself till the time comes to use it. He's a chap that keeps his mouth shut. He comes up to my house and reads my books. I've not been brought up to books myself, d— it, but there's none of 'em he can't tackle. He's welcome to use aught I've got. I'm not such a fool as to grudge him what all my brass won't buy me."

"I think I've heard of him," said Ffrench. "You mean Murdoch."

"Aye," Haworth answered, "I mean Murdoch; and there's not many chaps like him. He's the only one of the sort I ever run up against."

"I should like to see him," said Ffrench. "My daughter saw him yesterday in one of the workmen's cottages, and," with a faint smile, "he struck her as having rather the air of a radical. It was one of her feminine fancies."

There was a moment's halt and then Haworth made his reply as forcibly as ever.

"Radical be hanged," he said. "He's got work o' his own to attend to. He's one of the kind as leaves th' radicals alone. He's a straightforward chap that cares more for his books than aught else. I won't say," a trifle grudgingly, "that he's not a bit too straight in some things."

There was a halt again here, which Ffrench rather wondered at, then Haworth spoke again, bluntly and yet lagging a little.

"I—I saw her, Miss Ffrench, my-

self yesterday. I was walking down the street when her carriage passed."

Ffrench looked at him with an inward start. It was his turn to flush now.

"I think," he said, "that she mentioned it to me."

He even appeared a trifle pre-occupied for some minutes afterwards, and when he roused himself, laughed and spoke nervously. The colour did not die out of his face during the remainder of his visit; even after he had made the tour of the Works and looked at the machinery, and given a good deal of information concerning the manner in which things were done on the Continent, it was still there and perhaps it deepened slightly as he spoke his parting words.

"Then," he said, "I—we shall have the pleasure of seeing you at dinner to-morrow evening?"

"Yes," Haworth answered, "I'll be there."

CHAPTER XIV.

NEARLY AN ACCIDENT.

It was Rachel Ffrench who received her father's guest the following evening. Mr. Ffrench had been delayed in his return from town, and was still in his dressing-room; and accordingly when Haworth was announced, the doors of the drawing-room being flung open, revealed to him only the figure of his host's daughter.

The room was long and stately, and after she had risen from her seat, it took Miss Ffrench some little time to make her way from one end to the other. Haworth had unconsciously halted after crossing the threshold, and it was not until she was half-way down the room that he bestirred himself to advance to meet her. He did not know why he had paused at first, and his sudden knowledge that he had done so roused him to a momentary savage anger.

"Dang it!" he said to himself; "why did I stand there like a fool?"

The reason could not be explained briefly. His own house was a far more splendid affair than Ffrench's, and among his visitors from London and Manchester there were costumes far more gorgeous than that of Miss Ffrench. He was used to the flash of jewels and the gloss of brilliant colours. Miss Ffrench wore no ornaments at all, and her dress was only a simple and close-clinging affair of dark purple.

A couple of paces from him she stopped and held out her hand.

"My father will be glad to see you," she said. "He was, unfortunately, detained this evening by business. He will be down stairs in a few moments."

His sense of being at a disadvantage when, after she had led him back to the fire, they were seated, was overwhelming. A great heat rushed over him; the hush of the room, broken only by the light ticking of the clock, was misery. His eye travelled stealthily from the hem of her dark purple gown to the crowning waves of her fair hair, but he had not a word to utter. It made him feel almost brutal.

"But the day'll come yet," he protested inwardly, and feeling his weakness as he thought it, "when I'll hold my own. I've done it before, and I'll do it again."

Rachel Ffrench regarded him with a clear and direct gaze. She did not look away from him at all; she was not at all embarrassed, and though she did not smile, the calmness of her face was quite as perfect in expression.

"My father told me of his visit to your place," she said. "He interested me very much. I should like to see the Works if you admit visitors. I know nothing of such things."

"Any time you choose to come," he answered, "I'll show you round—and be glad to do it. It's a pretty big place of the kind."

He was glad she had chosen this subject. If she would only go on, it would not be so bad. He would be in his own groove. And she did go on.

"I've seen very little of Broxton," she proceeded. "I spent a few weeks here before going abroad again with my father, and I cannot say I have been very fond of it. I do not like England; and on the Continent one hears unpleasant things of English manufacturing towns. I think," smiling a little for the first time, "that one always associates them with 'strikes' and squalid people."

"There is not much danger of strikes here," he replied. "I give my chaps fair play and let 'em know who's master."

"But they have radical clubs," she said, "and talk politics, and get angry when they are not sober. I've heard that much already."

"They don't talk 'em in my place," he answered, dogmatically.

He was not quite sure whether it relieved him or not, when Ffrench entered at this moment and interrupted them. He was more at his ease with Ffrench, and yet he felt himself at a disadvantage still. He scarcely knew how the night passed. A feverish unrest was upon him. Sometimes he hardly heard what his entertainer said, and Mr. Ffrench was in one of his most voluble and diffuse moods. He displayed his knowledge of trade and mechanics with gentlemanly ostentation; he talked of "Trades' Unions" and the masters' difficulties; he introduced manufacturers' politics and expatiated on Continental weakness. He weighed the question of demand and supply and touched on "protective tariff."

"D—— him," said Haworth, growing bitter mentally, "he thinks I'm up to naught else, and he's right."

As her father talked, Miss Ffrench joined in but seldom. She listened and looked on in a manner of which Haworth was conscious from first to last. The thought made its way into his mind, finally, that she looked on as if these matters did not touch her at all, and she was only faintly curious about them. Her eyes rested on himself with a secret air of watchful

interest; he met them more than once as he looked up, and she did not turn them away. He sat through it all, full of vengeful resentment, and was at once wretched and happy, in spite of it and himself.

When at her father's request she played and sang, he sat apart moody, and yet full of clumsy rapture. He knew nothing of the music, but his passion found a tongue in it nevertheless. If she had played badly, he would have taken the lack of harmony for granted; but as she played well, he experienced a pleasure, while he did not comprehend.

When it was all over, and he found himself out alone in the road in the dark, he was feverish still, and his throat was dry.

"I don't seem to have made naught," he said, "at th' first sight." Then he added, with dogged exultation, "But I don't look for smooth sailing. I know enough for that. I've seen her and been nigh her, and that's worth setting down—with a chap like me."

At the end of the week a carriage drove up to the gateway of the Works, and Mr. Ffrench and his daughter descended from it. Mr. Ffrench was in the best of humours; he was in his element as he expatiated upon the size and appointments of the place. He had been expatiating upon them during the whole of the drive.

On their being joined by Haworth himself, Rachel Ffrench decided inwardly that here upon his own domain he was not so wholly objectionable as she had fancied at first—even that he was deserving of a certain degree of approval. Despite the signs of elated excitement, her quick eye detected at once that he was more at his ease. His big frame did not look out of place; he moved as if he was at home, and upon the whole his rough air of authority, and the promptness with which his commands were obeyed, did not displease her.

"He is master," she said to herself. She was fond of power, and liked the evidence of it in others. She did

not object to the looks the men, who were at work, cast upon her as she went from one department to another. Her beauty had never yet failed to command masculine homage from all ranks. The great black fellows at the furnaces exchanged comments as she passed. They would have paused in their work to look at her if they had dared, but they did not dare. The object of their admiration bore it calmly; it neither confounded nor touched her; it did not move her at all.

Mr. Ffrench commented, examined, and explained with delightful eloquence.

"We are fortunate in timing our visit so well," he said to his daughter. "They are filling an immense order for the most important railroad in the country. On my honour, I would rather be at the head of such a gigantic establishment than sit on the throne of England! But where is this *protégé* of yours?" he said to Haworth at last. "I should like above all things to see him."

"Murdoch?" answered Haworth. "Oh, we're coming to him after a bit. He's in among the engines."

When they reached the engine-rooms Haworth presented him with little ceremony, and explained the purpose of their visit. They wanted to see the engines and he was the man to make the most of them.

Mr. Ffrench's interest was awakened readily. The mechanic from Cumberland had been a pretentious ignoramus; the young man from Manchester had dropped his aspirates and worn loud plaids and flaming neck-ties, but this was a less objectionable form of genius.

Mr. Ffrench began to ask questions and make himself agreeable, and in a short time was very well entertained indeed.

Rachel Ffrench listened with but slight demonstrations of interest. She did not understand the conversation which was being carried on between her father and Murdoch, and she made no pretence of doing so.

"It is all very clear to *them*," she said to Haworth, as they stood near each other.

"It's all clear enough to him," said Haworth, signifying Murdoch with a gesture.

Upon which Miss Ffrench smiled a little. She was not sensitive upon the subject of her father's hobbies, and the course frankness of the remark amused her.

But notwithstanding her lack of interest she drew nearer to the engine finally and stood looking at it, feeling at once fascinated and unpleasantly overpowered by its heavy, invariable motion.

It was as she stood in this way a little later that Murdoch's glance fell upon her. The next instant with the simultaneous cry of terror which broke from the others, he had thrown himself forward and dragged her back by main force, and among the thunderous wheels and rods and shafts there was slowly twisted and torn and ground into shreds a fragment of the delicate fabric of her dress. It was scarcely the work of a second. Her father staggered toward them white and trembling.

"Good God!" he cried. "Good God! What——" the words died upon his bloodless lips.

She freed herself from Murdoch's grasp and stood upright. She did not look at him at all, she looked at her father and lightly brushed with her hand her sleeve at the wrist. Despite her pallor it was difficult to realise that she only held herself erect by a terrible effort of self-control.

"Why?"—she said—"why did he touch me—in that manner?"

Haworth uttered a smothered oath; Murdoch turned about and strode out of the room. He did not care to remain to hear the explanation.

As he went out into the open air a fellow-workman, passing by, stopped to stare at him.

"What's up wi' thee?" he asked. "Has tha been punsin' Haworth o'er agen?" The incident referred to

being always remembered as a savoury and delectable piece of humour.

Murdoch turned to him with a dazed look.

"I—," he stammered—"we—have very nearly had an accident." And went on his way without further explanation.

CHAPTER XV.

"IT WOULD BE A GOOD THING."

Exciting events were not so common in Broxton and its vicinity that this one could remain in the background. It furnished a topic of conversation for the dinner and tea-tables of every family within ten miles of the place. On Murdoch's next visit to the Briarleys', Granny Dixon insisted on having the matter explained for the fortieth time and was manifestly disgusted by the lack of dramatic incident connected with it.

"Tha seed her dress catch i' th' wheel an' dragged her back," she shouted. "Was na theer nowt else? Did na she swoond away, nor nothin'?"

"No," he answered. "She did not know what had happened at first."

Granny Dixon gave him a shrewd glance of examination and then favoured him with a confidential remark, presented at the top of her voice.

"I conna bide her," she said.

"What did Mr. Ffrench say to thee?" asked Janey. "Does tha think he'll gie thee owt fur it?"

"No," answered Murdoch. "He won't do that."

"He owt to," said Janey, fretfully. "An' tha owt to tak' it, if he does. Tha does na think enow o' money an' th' loike. Yo'll niver get on i' th' world if yo' mak' light o' money an' let it slip by yo'."

Floxham had told the story somewhat surlily to his friends, and his friends had retailed it over their beer, and the particulars had thus become common property.

"What did she say?" Floxham had

remarked at the first relation. "She said nowt—that's what she said. She did na quoite mak' th' thing out at first, an' she stood theer brushin' th' black off her sleeve. Happen," sardonically, "she did na loike th' notion o' a workin' chap catchin' howd on her wi'out apologizin'."

Haworth asked Murdoch to spend an evening with him, and sat moody and silent through the greater part of it. At last he said—

"You think you've been devilish badly treated," he said. "But, by the Lord! I wish I was in your place."

"You wish," repeated Murdoch, "that you were in my place? I don't know that it's a particularly pleasant place to be in."

Haworth leaned forward upon the table and stared across at him gloomily.

"Look here," he said. "You know naught about her. She's hard to get at; but she'll remember what's happened; cool as she took it she'll remember it."

"I don't want her to remember it," returned Murdoch. "Why should it matter? It's a thing of yesterday. It was nothing but chance. Let it go."

"D—— it!" said Haworth, with a restive moroseness. "I tell you I wish I'd been in your place—at twice the risk."

The same day Mr. Ffrench had made a pilgrimage to the Works for the purpose of setting his mind at rest and expressing his gratitude in a graceful manner. In fact he was rather glad of the opportunity to present himself up on the ground so soon again. But on confronting the hero of the hour, he found that somehow the affair dwindled and assumed an altogether incidental and unheroic aspect. His rather high-flown phrases modified themselves and took a different tone.

"He is either very reserved or very shy," he said afterward to his daughter. "It is not easy to reach him at the outset. There seems a lack of enthusiasm about him, so to speak."

"Will he come to the house?" asked Miss Ffrench.

"Oh yes. I suppose he will come, but it was very plain that he would rather have stayed away. He had too much good taste to refuse point-blank to let you speak to him."

"Good taste!" repeated Miss Ffrench.

Her father turned upon her with manifest irritation.

"Good taste!" he repeated petulantly. "Cannot you see that the poor fellow is a gentleman? I wish you would show less of this nonsensical caste prejudice, Rachel."

"I suppose one necessarily dispenses with a good deal of it in a place like this," she answered. "In making friends with Mr. Haworth, for instance—"

Mr. Ffrench drew nearer to her and rested his elbow upon the mantelpiece with rather an embarrassed expression.

"I wish you to—behave well to Haworth," he said faltering. "I—a great deal may—may depend upon it."

She looked up at him at once, lifting her eyes in a serene glance.

"Do you want to go into the iron trade?" she asked relentlessly.

He blushed scarlet, but she did not move her eyes from his face on that account.

"What—what Haworth needs," he stammered, "is a—a man of education—to assist him. A man who had studied the scientific features of—

of things, might suggest valuable ideas to him. There is an—immense field open to a rich, enterprising fellow such as he is—a man who is fearless and—and who has the means to carry out his ventures."

"You mean a man who will try to do new things," she remarked. "Do you think he would?"

"The trouble has been," floundering more hopelessly than ever, "that his lack of cultivation has—well, has forced him to act in a single groove. If—if he had a—a partner who—knew the ropes, so to speak—his business would be doubled—trebled."

She repeated aloud one of his words.

"A partner," she said.

He ran his hand through his hair and stared at her, wishing that he could think of something decided to say.

"Does he know you would like to be his partner?" she asked next.

"N—no," he faltered, "not exactly."

She sat a moment looking at the fire.

"I do not believe he would do it," she said at last. "He is too proud of having done everything single-handed."

Then she looked at her father again.

"If he would," she said, "and there were no rash ventures made, it would be a good thing."

To be continued.

THE SCOTTISH PHILOSOPHY.¹

IN the history of British thought a place of no mean importance must be accorded to what the historians of philosophy have agreed upon calling the Scottish School. It is not altogether creditable to literary Scotsmen that they should have left the history of their philosophy to be written by a foreigner. For numerous as are the sketches of individual members of the school, and the discussions upon isolated doctrines with which it has been identified, the only attempt to cover the whole ground has been the *Philosophie Ecossaise* of M. Cousin, which has never been, and now is never likely to be, translated into English. But this reproach of his country has at length been done away by a Scotsman; and few living writers were in a better position to undertake the task. Dr. McCosh was brought up at the schools and universities of Scotland, under a system of education which has been in a large measure the product of Scottish philosophy. After a few years' ministry in the National Church he attained, at an early period of his life, an academical position in Queen's College, Belfast, where he was enabled to devote himself to his favourite studies; and for the last nine or ten years he has occupied an office, celebrated a century ago by Jonathan Edwards and John Witherspoon,—the presidency of that college which has been the chief representative in the New World of the Presbyterian ecclesiastical system and the Calvinistic theology of Scotland. President McCosh has further qualified himself for his work by the industry with which he has collected the requisite materials. He has not only put into order the facts which lie

scattered throughout biographical and historical sketches in the writings of Stewart, Hamilton, and others; but he has also been indefatigable in his original investigations. He is thus enabled to present a great deal of new and interesting information, not merely about men, like George Turnbull, who have been unjustly forgotten, but even about men whose names are as familiar as those of Francis Hutcheson and Thomas Reid. He has even "employed more time than he would like to tell any one" in going out of his way to try and hunt up the saddler Cant,² who went from Scotland to North Germany in the seventeenth century, and whose grandson made the name one of the most celebrated in the history of philosophy. Dr. McCosh's book may, therefore, be accorded one quality essential to the excellence of all human performances; it is a piece of thoroughly honest work.

Perhaps the critic of a philosophical system will obtain the most correct view who is able to look at it altogether from the outside. Still it was but due to the Scottish philosophy that its history should be written by one of its adherents, who, even if blind to its defects, should yet be thoroughly alive to its excellences, and represent it generally in its most favourable aspect. It is, therefore, on the whole fortunate that the philosophy, of which Dr. McCosh relates the history, is not belittled by his exposition. The only circumstance which places him somewhat out of sympathy with the Scottish philosophers, is the fact that the most of them belonged to the Broad Church party, who in Scottish ecclesiastical history have been styled the Moderates, while he makes no attempt to conceal his pre-

¹ *The Scottish Philosophy*, Biographical, Expository, Critical. From Hutcheson to Hamilton. By James McCosh, LL.D., D.D., President of the College of New Jersey, Princeton. (London, Macmillan and Co., 1875.)

² Immanuel Kant changed the name from Cant to its present form, because he found that the Germans always mispronounced it Zant.

ference for their Evangelical opponents. This occasions at times an hostility of criticism, which, to those unacquainted with the ecclesiastical contests of Scotland, may appear to be hardly justifiable. Still it is but fair to Dr. McCosh to observe, that, notwithstanding his very pronounced convictions, he does not overlook the good which the Moderates accomplished by inculcating a toleration of which their opponents entertained very limited notions; while he does not shrink from a kindly recognition of the genial nature even of David Hume.

To dispose at once of the more serious faults we have to find with Dr. McCosh's book, it may be observed that he does not limit himself to the field indicated in his title. We do not, of course, object to the chapters on Hume and James Mill, and Brown, or any of the other Scottish writers who opposed the characteristic doctrines of the Common Sense School; but Dr. McCosh scarcely keeps in view the proper object of his work, when he gives them a prominent place in a history of "*The Scottish Philosophy*." It is probably this departure from his main plan that has made the author give us what is rather a disconnected series of biographical sketches than an historical narrative with an artistic unity, exhibiting the development of Scottish speculation. In truth, the artistic faculty is that feature of intellectual life, which is least prominent in Dr. McCosh; and though he notices with justice the literary finish which generally characterises the writings of the Scottish philosophers, it is an excellence which his own writings show little ambition to attain. Still, after all drawbacks, this work will remain a valuable monograph in the history of philosophy; and no subsequent writer on the subject will be able to dispense with the assistance of Dr. McCosh's labours.

The history of the Scottish School properly commences with the peaceful pursuits which sprang up in Scotland immediately after the Revolution Settlement. But it ought not to be forgotten that, three half centuries

before, the Scottish mind had felt the quickening of the new intellectual life which was awakened in Europe during the sixteenth century. In the earlier part of that century John Mair,—Joannes Major, as he was styled in the learned world,—was teaching, in the lecture-rooms of Glasgow and St. Andrews, those liberal opinions on civil and ecclesiastical polity which he had learnt from the Gallican theologians, and which bore their fruit in his pupils George Buchanan and John Knox. At a later period in the century the old routine of academical instruction seems for a time to have been thoroughly broken, and a new educational power to have started into life by the influence of Andrew Melville. From the lectures of Ramus at the University of Paris, Melville had caught the French Reformer's antipathy to the dominant Aristotelianism; and when he returned to the universities of his native country, he roused the wrath of the regents by questioning an essential article of the orthodox academical creed, *Aburdum est dicere errasse Aristotelem*. As Principal of Glasgow College, he introduced the study of Greek, which was then unknown even by the regents there; and he showed the impression which his French master had left on his mind, by introducing also, as text-books, several works by Ramus and his colleague Taleus. Melville's university began to attract young men not only from all parts of Scotland, but even from other countries; so that, in the opinion of an admiring relative, "Ther was na place in Europe comparable to Glasgw for guid letters, during these yeirs, for a plentiful and guid chepe mercat of all kynd of langages, artes and sciences."¹ In fact, as Dugald Stewart has pointed

¹ *Autobiography and Diary of James Melville*, p. 50. This work, published by the Wodrow Society, contains some valuable information regarding the condition of the Scottish Universities during the latter part of the sixteenth century. The author was a nephew of Andrew Melville, and the first regent in Scotland who lectured on Aristotle's works, not from Latin translations, but from the original (p. 54).

out,¹ everything bade fair in Scotland at the time for a brilliant career in letters; but the fulfilment of this fair promise had to be delayed till she had done a century of other work, more essential certainly to her own existence, and probably also more essential to the progress of civilization in the British islands.

Immediately after this work had been accomplished, the people of Scotland began to look abroad on what other nations had been doing, while they were absorbed in their protracted struggle. Even in theology, thought soon took a wider range. In 1697 a symptom of Socinian speculation appears in the case of young Aikenhead, whom the Government of the time brought upon itself the disgrace of putting to death for denying the doctrines of the Trinity and the Incarnation. But early in the following century we find evidence that the rationalism of Socinus and the English Deists was beginning to tell upon the Scottish Church itself. It is true, the pious Wodrow, to whom we owe so much information about ecclesiastical affairs in Scotland, rejoices in one of his letters,² that "the poor church, since the Reformation, has been entirely free of any disputes about doctrine;" but he begins to feel alarm at "the notions getting into the heads of young preachers, that moral duties are preferable to positive," &c.³ In truth, there was not a little to frighten an old churchman in the teaching which seems to have been delivered by John Simson from the Divinity chair in the University of Glasgow. But conservative as Wodrow was, he did not himself scruple to study the writings of such contemporaries as Tindal and Collins; and we are not, therefore, surprised that the more daring young men who went out from the class-room of Professor Simson should have ventured on a style of preaching which indicated a speculative endeavour to explain Christianity

in accordance with "the course of nature." One of the most startling applications of Naturalism to explain the phenomena of the religious life appeared in a Discourse on Enthusiasm, which is not mentioned by Dr. McCosh in his brief notice of the writer, but which affords a remarkable indication of the current in which thought was running at the time. The author, Archibald Campbell, who was one of the Divinity professors at St. Andrews, had evidently read Shaftesbury's *Letter concerning Enthusiasm*, and hazards the daring assertion that the manifestations of Divine excellence, which enthusiastic pietists believe to be "supernaturally communicated to their minds," are brought about "in a natural course and series of things;" while he stigmatises as "terms of art much used by enthusiasts" the current phrases of evangelical devotion.

It was specially among the pupils of such professors as Simson and Campbell, and generally among the young men who passed through the universities to positions in the Church, that the new speculative impulse was most powerfully felt; and it may be owing to this circumstance, as has been noticed by Cousin,⁴ that the speculations of the Scottish School, especially in Ethics, have uniformly shown the high moral influence of the national religion, or, as Hamilton expresses it,⁵ have been uniformly opposed to all destructive systems.

Meanwhile a change took place in the universities, the influence of which on the progress of thought has scarcely ever been sufficiently recognised. This was the institution and endowment of professorships, and the consequent abolition of the practice in accordance with which each regent took his set of pupils through the studies of the entire curriculum in the "Faculty of Arts." The change had, in fact, to

¹ *Dissertation*, p. 62, note ¹.

² *Wodrow's Correspondence*, vol. ii., pp. 158-9.

³ *Ibid.*, vol. iii., p. 470.

⁴ *Philosophie Ecossaise*, pp. 18-19 (3me ed.) Dr. McCosh must have overlooked this passage, when he charges Cousin with failure to appreciate the value of Scottish piety (p. 303).

⁵ *Lectures on Metaphysics*, vol. i. p. 400.

some extent been adopted in the University of Glasgow more than a century before under the principalship of Andrew Melville,¹ and was subsequently continued as well as extended;² but its advantages were in a large measure annihilated by the circumstance that the salaries attached to the several professorships were on a graduated scale, and that, when any of the higher became vacant, the occupants of the less lucrative were advanced.³ It was not till the year 1708 that the old system was abandoned in Edinburgh;⁴ and the first appointment, under the new system, to the chair of Moral Philosophy did not take place till 1729, to that of Logic and Metaphysics not till the following year. In Aberdeen the old system seems to have been kept up even in 1752, when Dr. Reid was elected Professor of Philosophy, and in discharge of his duties required to teach Mathematics and Physics, as well as Logic and Ethics.⁵

The first professor appointed under the new system to the chair of Logic and Metaphysics in Edinburgh was Dr. John Stevenson, whose influence in stimulating the culture of last century is evident from the grateful language in which he is spoken of by Robertson and Stewart, as well as by other pupils who, though of lesser note, have not yet been wholly forgotten. The date of Stevenson's appointment in Edinburgh coincides with the beginning of the Scottish Philosophy. For in the year in which he entered upon his labours in the metropolis, Francis Hutcheson commenced his career as professor of Moral Philosophy in Glasgow. Hutcheson is regarded by the historians of philosophy as the originator of the Scottish School; and Dr. McCosh justly accepts this verdict, notwithstanding Sir William

Hamilton's claim on behalf of Hutcheson's predecessor, Gershom Carmichael. The general verdict may be justified not merely on the ground of the extraordinary stimulus which Hutcheson gave to philosophical inquiry, though in this respect he probably surpassed all his predecessors and contemporaries. The true justification is to be found in the fact, that the distinctive doctrine of the Scottish School is essentially the doctrine which has given Hutcheson a place in the history of speculation; and it is a remarkable circumstance that the typical representative of the School, in justifying the philosophical use of the term Common Sense, explicitly refers to Hutcheson as attributing to Internal Senses those "simple and original ideas which cannot be imputed either to the external senses or to consciousness."⁶

The course of speculation in the Scottish School during last century was mainly determined by the philosophical literature of the English language. From the Report of a University Commission appointed by the Scottish Parliament in 1696, it appears that Gassendi exercised a marked influence on the philosophical education of Scotland at the time.⁷ It is, therefore, somewhat astonishing that any direct influence from Hobbes upon Scottish speculation should be scarcely traceable. Indeed, the impress which Hobbes has left on the course of speculation seems hardly commensurate with his real worth as a representative of the School to which he belongs; for there is not, in the literature of the period, nor for a long time subsequently, such a thorough grasp of sensationalism in all its bearings as is exhibited in Hobbes' *Leviathan*, as well as in some of his smaller works. It may have been that the sensationalism of Locke, if less logical, bore with it fewer consequences to shock the received opinions of men, and thus found a readier acceptance generally; but while the *Essay concerning Human*

¹ *Autobiography and Diary of James Melville*, p. 54.

² Reid's *Account of the University of Glasgow* in Hamilton's edition of his works, p. 729.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 730.

⁴ Bower's *History of the University of Edinburgh*, vol. ii., pp. 71-72.

⁵ Stewart's *Account of Reid*, p. 253 (Hamilton's ed.).

⁶ Reid's *Intellectual Powers*, Essay vi., chap. 2.

⁷ Bower's *History of the University of Edinburgh*, vol. i. pp. 359-60.

Understanding became the great text-book of sensationalism throughout all Europe, the writings of Hobbes sank into comparative obscurity. Upon the Scottish philosophers at least their influence has been exceedingly slight; so that, even at the beginning of the present century, when Horner went to London, his metaphysical friends there reproached his countrymen truly "with having done injustice to Hartley, and knowing nothing of Hobbes."¹ But the Scottish philosophers cannot be charged with any unfair neglect of Locke. While no name is more frequently referred to in their writings, the doctrines of Locke's essay formed the basis of the philosophical teaching in the Scottish Universities during the earlier part of last century; the abridgment of the essay by Bishop Wynne was a favourite text-book, and the *Elements of Logic*, by Professor William Duncan of Aberdeen, is a mere summary of Locke.²

But there is another English writer who contributed more immediately to determine the direction taken by the speculations of the Scottish School. Bishop Berkeley has not received, in our histories of philosophy, the prominent position which has been given to Locke; but the time is coming, if it has not come already, when the Irish bishop will be recognised, not only as having achieved the most brilliant psychological analysis of modern times, but as having contributed, more than any previous British thinker, to the elucidation of the ultimate problems of knowledge and of existence. It is true, the Scottish philosophers have done more than any other class of writers to propagate the popular misapprehension of Berkeley's teaching. For the most part they treat it as an eccentricity of speculation, interesting from the marvellous ingenuity of the reasoning by which it is supported, but scarcely to be considered a serious proposal to solve the problem of the universe; and, conse-

quently, the general reader has come to look upon it as a fair subject for tossing aside with some pleasantry, like Byron's happy, though obvious, pun:—

"When Bishop Berkeley said there was no matter,
And proved it, 'twas no matter what he said."

It is a flagrant proof of the incapacity of Reid and his followers for strictly metaphysical speculation, that they failed to attain the faintest insight into the real nature of the problem which Berkeley raised. Still, inadequately though the idealist was comprehended, there is every evidence of his having exerted a powerful stimulus upon Scottish thought.³ In addition to the general evidence of this furnished by the philosophical literature of Scotland, Dugald Stewart has fortunately preserved, on the authority of his teacher, Professor Stevenson, a record of the fact, that a number of young men in Edinburgh had formed a club for the purpose of studying Berkeley's writings, that they had corresponded with him to obtain explanations regarding his theory, and that he had spoken of them as evincing a more intelligent comprehension of his argument than he had met with anywhere else.⁴

After what has been done for the interpretation of Berkeley within recent years by Ferrier, and more especially by the splendid edition of Professor Fraser, it is unnecessary to enter here into a detailed correction of current mistakes about his theory. It may be sufficient to observe, that the question which Berkeley endeavoured to force on the attention of thinking men, is not whether matter exists, but what is meant by its existence: and this question he

³ It is interesting to learn from Dr. McCosh (pp. 187-8), that Berkeleyanism was the predominant philosophy in Princeton at the time of President Edwards' death about the middle of last century; and in connection with the Idealistic (shall we say Pantheistic?) tendency in Edwards' own speculations, it is well to remember that the principal friend and adherent of Berkeley in America, the Rev. Samuel Johnson, was Edwards' tutor at Yale.

⁴ Stewart's *Dissertation*, pp. 350-1.

¹ Horner's *Life and Correspondence*, vol. i., 282.

² Veitch's *Memoir of Dugald Stewart*, p. 25, note.

answers by his doctrine that the existence or reality of matter consists in its being an *idea*, that is, a thing felt or apprehended by some mind. There is, however, an injustice too commonly done to Berkeley still, in representing his system as mere sensationalism. Now, it is quite true that he seeks to abolish from speculation matter *per se*,—that unknowable and unthinkable fiction which, under the name of material substance, had been declared by the chief tribe of philosophers to be the cause of our sensations, and which, under the ghostly form of *Ding an sich*, haunts even the philosophy of Kant, as well as some theories of our own day. The reality, therefore, in matter he reduces, as we have seen, to sensations, or ideas, as he calls them, after the phrase of the prevailing philosophy. Still he recognises not merely a particular and relative, but also a universal and absolute, element in matter—a reality not merely in your ideas or mine,—a reality independent of any individual intelligence; and this absolute reality he finds in the Ideas of a Universal and Eternal Mind. The order, therefore, in which our sensations or ideas are presented,—the order of the material world,—is determined, on this theory, neither by a fortuitous nor by a necessary movement of physical force, but by the laws of Supreme Intelligence. Accordingly, the form which the phenomena of our sensible experience assume, is imposed, not by themselves, but by the Eternal Thought of the Universal Mind. It is this that clears Berkeley's philosophy from the charge of mere sensationalism, and entitles it to be ranked as an anticipation, though in an undeveloped form, of the modern systems of pure Idealism.

In connection with the Edinburgh club for studying the writings of Berkeley, the only member whose name is preserved by Stewart is that of Dr. Robert Wallace, who, perhaps, ought to have received a passing notice in Dr. McCosh's history from the place which he occupies in the development of political speculation, as his *Dis-*

course on the Numbers of Mankind is one of the earliest treatises of any importance on the subject of population, and anticipates partially the hypothesis of Malthus. But while Berkeley's works were exciting the enthusiasm of young men in the capital, they were being studied to better purpose in other parts of the country.

It is interesting to know that a forgotten Scotch deist, David Dudgeon, who belonged to the Border counties, shows in his writings unmistakable traces of Berkeley's influence; but his name has been eclipsed by that of a more famous neighbour, who owed much to Berkeley too. About three years before Hutcheson began his career in Glasgow, a younger son in the family of the Humes (or Homes) of Ninewells in Berwickshire, though scarcely over sixteen years of age,¹ was schooling himself into habits of speculative thought, by which he was to create a new era in the philosophy of Europe. After abandoning from disinclination the study of law, and trying, for a few months, a mercantile life in Bristol, he ultimately retired for about three years to Rheims, and afterwards to La Flèche in Anjou, with the view of devoting himself entirely to philosophical and literary pursuits. While he was still but twenty-six years of age, he returned to London with the *Treatise of Human Nature* ready to be put into the printer's hands. Though the treatise, according to the author's own expression, "fell dead born from the press," though its doctrines were afterwards recast, and he objects to their being judged in their earlier form,² there can be no doubt it is in this form that they have acquired historical importance. Indeed there is probably no one who has not felt disappointment on turning from the treatise to its revision,—none who has not found in the former rather than in the latter the power which started the speculations of men on a new track.

¹ See Burton's *Life and Correspondence of D. Hume*, vol. i., pp. 12-16.

² See advertisement to his *Inquiry concerning Human Understanding*.

Hume puts the problem of philosophy in the form which had been given to it by Locke, and which determined also the phraseology of Berkeley. What is the origin of ideas?¹ Hume's answer is also in the main identical with that of Locke; but the detailed view of the universe, which he reasons out, diverges widely from the views of Locke and of Berkeley. Setting out with the doctrine, that all ideas originate in the experience of each human organism from the commencement of its existence, or at least from the commencement of the consciousness associated with it, he refuses to recognise in any idea a single element which cannot be traced to this origin; and there is no belief exalted to so lofty a height in human reverence, that he shrinks from directing against it the assaults which logically issue from this doctrine; nor does he weary in piling argument upon argument in order to dethrone it, if possible, from the eminence which he believes it to have usurped. There was much in the character of the man who undertook this Titanic task that qualified him for carrying it out. The retirement of his early life, and the thoughts with which his early studies constantly occupied his mind, united probably with the peculiarities of his physical temperament,² to create in his very boyhood a Stoical determination "to fortify himself with reflections against death and poverty and shame, and all the other calamities of life;"³ and the result of this may be observed in an inability, which his historical and philosophical writings alike exhibit, to appreciate the passionate enthusiasm which has carried many to their noblest deeds, as well as in a distaste, if not an incapacity, for those feverish longings and endeavours which trouble the lives of men who are driven into the struggle of human existence by the tyranny of external circumstances or by the equally

irresistible tyranny of nervous irritability. With all this there was an inherent kindliness of disposition, a humility under his own speculative convictions regarding the littleness of human reason and its liability to error, which produced such an indifference to varieties of opinion, such an absence of pugnacious dogmatism, and even such generosity towards antagonists,⁴ as have been reached by few. When such a character was combined with an intellect which saw from afar the dim terminations towards which the prevalent lines of metaphysical thought inevitably tended, which untied with delicate touch the most complicated knots of speculation, which wrought into luminous language the most intractable eccentricities of a new philosophical scepticism, we can understand how the farthest and fullest results of the doctrine, which traces all human ideas to the experience of each human individual, were unfolded with a consistency which was deterred by no consideration of human interests, whether esteemed to be petty or lofty alike.

There is of course much in Hume's, as in every creative, mind, the origin of which cannot be discovered by the most elaborate investigation into the circumstances of his life. Still it is impossible to avoid recognising, and Dugald Stewart has in fact explicitly recognised,⁵ while Dr. McCosh might with justice have recognised more prominently than he does, the impression made upon Hume by the great idealist whom we know to have been a power among the thinking young men of Scotland while Hume was still a young man. The theory of the idealist, as we have seen, regards sensible things as existing only in so far as they are sensible, and denies that their existence is to be found in a substance which is beyond all sensibility and knowledge; and this theory is adopted also by the sceptic. But the idealist, as we have further seen, explicates an absolute and

¹ See the *Treatise*, Book I., chap. i., sect. i.; and the *Inquiry*, sect. ii.

² See the remarkable self-analytic letter to a physician in Burton's *Life of Hume*, vol. i., pp. 30-38.

³ *Ibid.*

⁴ See his letter to Reid, with Reid's notes, *Ibid.*, vol. ii., pp. 153-6.

⁵ Stewart's *Dissertation*.

universal element in sensible things,—an aspect of them over and above their relation to particular minds; he vindicates the natural belief of men in the existence of such things apart from their being perceived by individuals, and explains this independent existence as their existence in, or apprehension by, an Eternal and Universal Mind. On the other hand, one of the most elaborately finished sections in the *Treatise of Human Nature* is occupied with an effort to prove that any belief in the existence of things beyond the perceptions of them in individual minds is altogether illusory.¹

The next stage in the development of Scottish speculation furnishes additional proof of the impression made by the study of Berkeley, as well as an evidence of the startling effect produced by the conclusions to which Hume seemed to have pushed the premises with which Berkeley set out. We are here taken away to the opposite extremity of the country from that which is associated with Hume. When the *Treatise of Human Nature* appeared in 1739, Thomas Reid, who was a year older than Hume, had been already for two years a clergyman of the National Church in the parish of New Machar in Aberdeenshire. He was descended, on the father's side, from a family which for some generations had been distinguished in the literature and in the learned professions, especially in the Church of Scotland. On the mother's side, he was a nephew of David Gregory, the celebrated Savilian Professor of Astronomy at Oxford, and personal friend of Newton. Reid continued to follow the ancestral tastes, which he thus inherited from both his parents, with the modesty, with the reverence for traditional modes of thought and life, which might be expected in a conscientious and benevolent country clergyman. According to their sympathy with the more sober or the more daring efforts of speculation, critics will go on to the end taking the opposite

extremes in the estimate of Reid, which have been maintained in recent times by Hamilton and Cousin on the one hand, by Ferrier and Buckle on the other. In his quiet observation of such phenomena as his range of inquiry brought within his reach, in his unpretending classifications of such as he observed, in his timid groping after inferences which his observations seemed to legitimate, there was no danger of falling into those extravagances in which the flights of speculative genius are often, like that of Icarus, doomed to land in consequence of the very height to which they rise; but it would have seemed to him a very dubious honour,² even if he had had the power, to reach those brilliant anticipations by which the grander intellects have at times guided subsequent inquiry without being able to give a logical account of their procedure. Goethe, the forerunner of morphological discovery, our common-sense philosopher would have treated as a poet whose fancy had run off with his reason; while Oken, in his rambles over the Hartz mountains meditating on the skull of a deer, and beholding in it a modification of vertebræ, would have appeared to Reid as occupying himself not much more profitably than Sterne whimpering over the dead carcass of a donkey.

The impulse which Reid received from Berkeley and Hume is acknowledged by himself,³ as it is evident also in the whole tenor of his speculations. He had, in fact, as he tells us,⁴ adopted the whole of Berkeley's idealism, though it must have been in a very confused form; and it was only when he felt compelled to swallow with that idealism a scepticism "which gave him more uneasiness than the want of a material world,"⁵ that he was led to probe the foundation on which the idealist and the sceptic alike seemed to build. This is evidently the true historical origin of

² *Essays on the Intellectual Powers*, Essay i., chap. 3.

³ See the well-known Letter to Dr. Gregory in Reid's Works, p. 22 (Hamilton's ed.).

⁴ Works, p. 283.

⁵ See the Letter to Dr. Gregory.

¹ Book I., chap. iv., sect. 2. Cf. Book I., chap. iii. sect. 6.

Reid's philosophy; it was intended to be a barrier against the flood of sceptical argument in which Hume had drowned all the familiar landmarks of human opinion. The barrier erected by Reid never shifted its position during the subsequent history of his school. It was strengthened here and there, as the flood rose from time to time, by the rhetorical elegancies of Stewart, by the massive erudition and the scholastic subtleties of Hamilton, by the more bulky but less solid loads of unreadable metaphysical discussion which Dr. McCosh's book may save from oblivion for a time; but the barrier continued to run along the same line in the field of thought in which was originally placed by Reid.

The principle which Reid recognised as the common basis of Berkeley's idealism and of Hume's scepticism, and the questioning of which he regarded as his sole original achievement in philosophy, is the doctrine, which he supposed to be the universal opinion of philosophers, that "the only objects of thought are ideas or images in the mind." If we were to interpret this in the language of more recent speculation, it would appear as an awkward expression of that absolute empiricism, or positivism, which maintains that the only things we know immediately are our own mental states or feelings, everything else being a mere inference from these. It may be questioned, indeed, whether all the elaborate exegetical labours which his editor has bestowed on Reid have rendered entirely unmistakable the doctrine which he endeavoured to set up in opposition to this current opinion of the philosophers, and the editor himself has often misgivings as to the correctness of his exegesis. But, interpreted in what a friendly criticism would consider a liberal spirit, Reid may be regarded as maintaining that the sole objects of knowledge are not merely "ideas or images in the mind," but that, in the perception of a material world at least, the object which we apprehend immediately is an external reality. This posi-

tion, according to the same friendly interpretation, is founded on the irresistible convictions or *common sense* of mankind; and Reid's polemic against Berkeley and Hume consists mainly in pleading this conviction of common sense as incompatible with an idealistic theory of perception.

In criticising Reid's position it is but fair to keep in view the stage of speculation at which he wrote; but even with this limitation of our criticism, it is impossible to avoid surprise at the praise with which he was generally received. For the irresistible conviction, to which he appeals, is not denied by Berkeley or even by Hume; and was, therefore, considered by them to be no more incompatible with their theories than with Reid's. Berkeley even, as we have seen, and as Reid himself is aware,¹ urges this conviction in support of his doctrine, quite as strenuously as the Scottish philosopher appeals to it in favour of his. The idealist treats the conviction as one of the *facts* which it is the duty of the philosopher to explain, and we have seen what his explanation of it is. Reid, on the other hand, seems to think that to explain it at all is to explain it away, and contents himself accordingly with vigorous re-assertion of the fact as a sufficient disproof of any explanation.

But, though Reid had formed his opinions before Hartley's *Observations* appeared, he was sufficiently acquainted with the effects of prolonged association to know that it often produces cognitions which have all the appearance of being intuitive. Even in his earlier work, the *Inquiry*, he refers at length to phenomena of vision, in which we cannot but think that we see immediately what the most accurate analysis has proved that we do not *see* at all, but merely *infer* from the sensations of sight, and other sensations with which these are associated. "These appearances," he says, "must be resolved into habits of perception, which are acquired by custom, but are apt to be mistaken

¹ See Works, pp. 283-5, 299, 423 (Hamilton's ed.).

for original perceptions."¹ In view of this language it is surprising that the principle which it expresses should not have been more extensively applied by Reid. He does, indeed, elsewhere,² contrast the mere *probability* arising from "unvaried experience" with the necessity which attaches to the conviction that every event must have a cause; but he forgets that he has already explained an equally irresistible determination of the mind as the result of "unvaried experience." The conviction, that we perceive immediately by sight the distance of bodies, and their other relations in space, is not a mere inclination which we can at any time overcome; it is not less compulsory than the belief, to which the common-sense philosophers are never weary of appealing, that we perceive immediately not mere ideas, but external realities. If it is admitted that the projection of bodies to a distance from our own is not the result of an immediate perception of their distance, but is "resolved into habits of perception which are acquired by custom," does it not become at least an allowable question, whether the projection from "Me" of a "Thing that is not I" may be due, not to an immediate apprehension of such a thing, but to an unvaried habit of perception or some other mental law?

The truth is, Reid's thinking never represents the speculative toil of a philosophic intellect, but merely the refined opinions of ordinary intelligence. He fails accordingly to see, and he cannot understand why any other man should see, a problem to be solved in the convictions of common sense. His writings, when they go beyond some interesting details of psychology, are little more than re-assertions of the universal beliefs, as they are expressed in the universal language of mankind. He repeats, as if the philosopher, or any one else, were in danger of forgetting them, such propositions as—"that whatever I am conscious of exists," "that the thoughts of

which I am conscious are the thoughts of a being whom I call myself," "that those things do really exist which we distinctly perceive by the senses, and are what we perceive them to be," &c.; but he never dreams that we expect the philosopher to tell us how we come to these beliefs, and what they mean. He does not even, as Sir W. Hamilton supposes, discriminate our congenital beliefs by their necessity; for a fresh examination of his discussion on the subject will show that he regards necessity, not as the criterion of all first principles, but as an attribute of a particular class. Now, every man of common sense admits, of course, that the propositions cited by Reid form the universal convictions of men, oozing out in the consciousness of every moment, and imbedded consequently in the language of every nation. But every philosopher of common sense, if not of the Common Sense School, must see that such propositions are of no philosophical value, till purified by reflective analysis—till we can show that we have accurately interpreted the language in which they are expressed, and that that language represents with scientific exactness the mental phenomena of which it is the revelation between man and man. But a glance at Reid's discussion of these principles of common sense will be sufficient to show that he accepts them without question of their meaning as they present themselves in the unreflecting consciousness, and the unscrutinised language of mankind.

In Reid is included all that is distinctive of the Scottish Philosophy previous to Hamilton. We have, indeed, contributions of various value from others. In the writings of Dugald Stewart especially, the whole field traversed in the works of Reid, as well as numerous collateral departments of interest and importance, is illustrated with the elegance of a more refined culture, with a superior command of the English language, and a vastly more extensive erudition; but no new trait is added to the character of the philosophy. In fact, the timidity, which

¹ Works, p. 193. Such observations are scattered throughout the *Inquiry*.

² Works, p. 522.

kept Reid from venturing upon a search into the meaning and the source of common sense, assumes an exaggerated form in Stewart. "He seems terrified to place one foot before another," said Christopher North.

But in Sir William Hamilton the Scottish School found a development which renders him worthy of special prominence in its history. His predecessors, even Stewart, belonged essentially, in all their modes of thought, to the eighteenth century; Hamilton belongs as essentially to ours. It is necessary, therefore, to sketch the intellectual transition which Scotland made in passing from the one century to the other.

At the very opening of such a sketch we are met by the great wave of Romantic enthusiasm, which carried away the radical spirit of the eighteenth century, and awoke the more loving study of the past. In the country which produced Sir Walter Scott the fruits of Romanticism were manifold. The enthusiasm which drew other men to mediæval chronicles and romances and songs, attracted Hamilton to the subtleties of scholastic literature, in which he had probably read more extensively than any other man of his time. His residence at Oxford had given his studies in ancient classical literature a thoroughness which is seldom attained in the scholarship of the northern universities; and probably none of his contemporaries, out of Germany, had made themselves so familiar with the writings of Aristotle, while even in Germany it might have been difficult to find a scholar so intimately acquainted with the Aristotelian commentators. But Aristotle and the mediæval writers were not the only philosophers to whom Hamilton extended his reading in spite of the undeserved contempt into which they had fallen among his countrymen. One of the fruits of Romanticism was to draw the Teutonic nations into closer acquaintance; and the impulse, which attracted Germany to Shakspeare and the literature of England, induced Englishmen to study German. Sir Walter

Scott has given¹ an account of the intoxication excited among his Edinburgh contemporaries by their first draught from the general literature of Germany, though little of that literature was known and less appreciated till it had been studied by a young man of the next generation in the Border farm of Craigenputtoch. Hamilton was, with the doubtful exception of Coleridge, the first British thinker who had studied the philosophy of Germany with sufficient appreciation to receive from it a distinct mould in his intellectual character; and though on looking back from the last quarter of the nineteenth century we may feel astonished at much that Hamilton has written of Kant and Schelling and Hegel, we ought to remember that his study of these philosophers brings us back to the time when Horner could write meaningless nonsense about the Germans being at last "all cured of Pure Reason;" when Mackintosh pronounced German philosophy "accursed," and declared that Kant was "disdainfully rejected by his countrymen as a superficial and popular writer;" while the most learned authority on the history of philosophy had expressed his conviction that the Critical Philosophy was entitled to attention merely "as bringing to view one of the most extraordinary varieties of national character which Europe has exhibited in the eighteenth century."²

Hamilton's reading in these various departments was undoubtedly vast, even when we make all deductions from the extravagant accounts of it which have been given by some of his friends. It has been finely said of him by Ferrier:—"He seemed to have entered, as it were, by divine right, into the possession of all learning. He came to it like a fair inheritance, as a king comes to his throne. All the regions of literature were spread out before his view; all the avenues of science stood open at his command."³

¹ Essay on the Imitation of ancient Ballads, in the *Border Minstrelsy*, vol. iv.

² See Horner's *Life and Correspondence*, Mackintosh's *Life and Correspondence*, and Stewart's *Dissertation*.

³ *Philosophical Remains*, vol. i. p. 488.

But this language must be taken as uttered under the glow of generous friendship and poetical impulse. Much of Hamilton's reading ran into unfamiliar fields; and his studies in mediæval Latin, as well as in modern German, infected his style with a novel phraseology unintelligible to the ordinary English reader of the time. This possibly helped to exaggerate the impression which evidently prevailed among his compeers, with regard to the extent of his reading and the unintelligibility of his language. Even Carlyle, though evidently in fun, writes to Christopher North:—"Sir William Hamilton's paper on 'Cousin's Metaphysics' I read last night, but like Hogg's warlock, 'my head whirled round', and one thing I couldna mind.'" But the Chaldee MS. gives the happiest portraiture of Hamilton, as he appeared to the contemporaries of his early manhood, when it describes him as "the black eagle of the desert, whose cry is as the sound of an unknown tongue, which fieth over the ruins of ancient cities, and hath his dwelling among the tombs of the wise men."

But all the vastness of his erudition never imparted to Hamilton's mind the mansydedness of the widest culture: even his philosophical criticism scarcely shows the breadth of view and of sympathy which is one of the most valuable results of extensive reading. Kant was the chief power which moulded his intellectual character, but the influence of Kant is traversed by a mediæval delight in subtle distinctions and in quaint plays upon mere abstractions, while all his language is chastened and dignified by the taste which grew from his classical studies. Kant, Scholasticism, and the ancient Classics, represent all that is prominent in Hamilton's mind. It is true the wanderings into which he was led by his voracious appetite for reading were always held in check by the attachment which he retained to the philosophy of his native land. But though much of his intellectual labour

was spent in the defence of that philosophy, in editing and expounding the works of its chief representatives, his own mental character derived none of its prominent features from this source. Ferrier truly said, it was the one mistake in his career that he dedicated his powers to the service of Dr. Reid;² it fettered the decided bent of his own speculative genius, and transmuted what might have been a consistent Idealism into a perplexing conglomerate of doctrines which will not fuse into one system. For his endeavour to give a distinct philosophical meaning to the doctrines of the Scottish School only prepared the way for its dissolution.

Hamilton has specially contributed to the interpretation of the Scottish Philosophy by his exposition of the doctrine of Common Sense. The gist of the appeal to common sense he has explained, as none of the School had explained it before, by drawing attention to the attributes, especially of Necessity and Universality, by which the principles of common sense are characterised. But the very explicitness, which he has given to the doctrine, has only shown more clearly how untenable it is.

For though he repeatedly insists on the importance of distinguishing, and charges his predecessors with failing to distinguish uniformly, he never succeeds in establishing any *real* distinction, between a philosophical appeal to Common Sense and the unphilosophical citation of vulgar opinion against unpalatable conclusions of science. By the Necessity of the beliefs which have their origin in common sense Hamilton understands a felt compulsion to believe,—a determination of consciousness which it is impossible to resist by voluntary effort. But this irresistible impulse is no foundation on which to raise any belief beyond the scientific demand for an investigation of its origin; and although Hamilton denies the right of philosophy to institute such an investigation, he constantly acts upon such

¹ Wilson's *Life*, p. 323 (Amer. ed.).

² *Philosophical Remains*, vol i., p. 489.

a right himself. There are two methods of accounting for the Common Necessities of Thought without supposing them to be ultimate, inexplicable facts; and both of these methods he has at different times followed in explaining some of these Necessities.

The first of these methods is the Empirical. Reid was not without excuse for having failed to appreciate the nature of this method beyond its application to the phenomena of vision; for its most successful expositors belong to a subsequent stage of speculation. But long before Hamilton was born the Empirical School had discovered the instrument which it employs in its most elaborate efforts of analysis. Hartley died while Hamilton's father was a child. During Hamilton's youth, Bentham was the most influential thinker in England over the whole range of ethics and jurisprudence; the *Westminster Review* was started, and the Philosophical Radicals formed a party to carry out empirical utilitarianism in the legislation of Great Britain. Even if we take no account of inferior names, it ought not to be forgotten that Dr. Thomas Brown's brief, brilliant career was over while Hamilton should still have been a growing man. And yet to all these influences no avenue in Hamilton's mind seemed open: he cannot take patience to look at a question calmly from the Empirical point of view; and the only occasion on which he falls from the dignity of philosophical controversy—the only occasion on which his admirers regret to discover an element of passion disturbing the impartiality of the critic—is when he notices some Empirical doctrine which has had the misfortune to be propounded by Dr. Thomas Brown. Still Hamilton himself acknowledges that certain "necessary" perceptions are acquired by experience.

Another way of accounting for the Common Necessities of Thought is by deducing them from the nature and essential conditions of Consciousness. The germ of this method is, of course, to be found in the famous qualification

of the empirical formula by Leibnitz's *Nisi intellectus ipse*; but the application of the method forms the distinctive achievement of Kant, and the schools which have sprung up under his influence. Hamilton, indeed, though protesting against any inquiry into the ground of Common Sense, explains some of its commonest beliefs in the Kantian style, when he refers them to a mental impotence arising from the limits of human intelligence. But, waiving all criticism of his theory on this point, one cannot but observe that he fails to appreciate the real gist of the Kantian doctrine. Hamilton is one of the numerous critics who recognise an analogy between the position of Reid in the Scottish Philosophy and that of Kant in the philosophy of Germany; and one of the points of the analogy, in his eyes, is their common recognition of Necessity as the criterion of truths which are not derived from experience. But Hamilton is mistaken in supposing that Kant recognised Necessity, in the sense of the Scottish writers, as a sufficient justification of any belief; and it would not be difficult to cite passages in which the critical philosopher seems explicitly to condemn this doctrine of the Common Sense School. To Kant the confident tone with which a belief obtrudes itself upon the common sense of men is no recommendation of its truth, for that characterises some illegitimate assumptions as fully as any real axiom: it is, therefore, indispensable that every synthetic judgment—every addition to a subject of a predicate which it does not already logically involve—should receive, if not a proof, yet a deduction of its legitimacy.¹ Here it seems as if Hamilton's attachment to the Common Sense School had perverted his speculative insight, for his doctrine of the Conditioned recognises a Necessity in cognitions altogether different from mere irresistible persuasion.

The same unfortunate influence of his

¹ See, among other passages in the *Critique of Pure Reason*, his remarks on the third Postulate of Empirical Thought, in explanation of the term Postulate.

devotion to the Scottish Philosophy is traceable in Hamilton's doctrine of Perception, which contains in its details some of the most valuable results of his labours. His appeal to the common sense of mankind on the subject is not rendered more philosophical than that of his predecessors, but merely shows its inappropriateness more glaringly, by his learned parade of the admissions of philosophers. It is strange it should never have occurred to him that no philosopher can, as no philosopher does, deny the fact of our common sense conviction that we perceive immediately an external reality. It is also strange that, with the admissions of the philosophers before him, he should charge them with rejecting the admitted fact as incompatible with their systems, when their very citation of the fact is proof of their endeavour to bring it into their systems by giving it a philosophical explanation. But all this becomes still more unaccountable, when it is found that scarcely one of the philosophers whom he charges with belying the testimony of Common Sense places himself in such irreconcilable conflict with that testimony as is implied in his own doctrine of the Conditioned. The contradiction which Hamilton obtrudes between the systems of the philosophers and the beliefs of Common Sense, is merely that discrepancy which he himself, in common with every philosophic thinker, recognises, in one form or another, between phenomenon and noumenon—between a thing as it appears to us and a thing as it is in itself. Few of the philosophers more explicitly limit our knowledge to ideas or species or appearances or phenomena—for Hamilton recognises the essential equivalence of these terms;¹ and still fewer philosophers dissipate the Thing in itself into such an unsubstantial nonentity. For if the doctrine of the Conditioned were proved, all our beliefs with regard to the substantiality and causality of objects—all, in fact, that gives reality to an objective world—would be converted into mere imbecilities of human thought, which could

never become guarantees of any necessity in things.

The truth is, Hamilton had accepted an analysis of perception in the spirit of modern German Idealism, by referring to the action of the Understanding—to so many acts of Thought or Judgment—all that enters into perception except the formless materials contributed by sensation; but unfortunately he does not seem to have discovered that such an analysis takes to pieces the common sense interpretation of perception as an indivisible act of intelligence. He frequently points out that perception involves an act of thought or judgment, as it is a cognition of relations; it is a favourite doctrine with him, that judgment is essential to all knowledge, inasmuch as all knowledge implies the discrimination of Self and Notself, the discrimination of their phenomena, and the assertion of their substantiality and causality. But if it is an act of thought or judgment which places the Notself in antithesis to the Self, and separates their distinct qualities, which ties together different groups of these qualities by the unifying notion of substance, which places them in reciprocal relations by the notion of cause, what is left to be contributed to our knowledge by any independent act of perception?

All that the admirers of the Scottish Philosophy regarded as its peculiar triumph was, therefore, practically surrendered by its ablest champion. Hamilton, indeed, was himself conscious of the close approximation between his own professed Realism and an Absolute Idealism; and the subsequent developments of Scottish speculation have only evinced more clearly the necessity of advancing beyond the position of the early Scottish School in order to establish that position itself. It is true that Professor Bain has been unfolding the Empirical side of Scottish thought with a completeness which would have startled Brown, and perhaps even Hume; but the recent thinkers, who have remained faithful to the idealistic tendency inherent in the doctrine of Common Sense, have generally claimed for intelligence

¹ *Lectures on Metaphysics*, vol. ii. p. 121.

itself a larger share of the factors which constitute the universe of human knowledge. Even in Hamilton's time Ferrier had refused to stop at any resting-place halfway between the antagonistic systems of thought; and his reasoned Idealism, he claims emphatically, "is Scottish to the very core, it is national in every fibre and articulation of its frame." Dr. Hutcheson Stirling has made himself the expositor and vindicator of the most elaborate attempt that has ever been made to construe the universe by the laws of thought; and Professor Caird's recent work on Kant is an evidence that the teaching which issues from the chair of Reid goes to a length which he could never have surmised, in protesting against the illusion which reduces human knowledge to a mere complexus of sensations.

But these phenomena in the philosophical literature of Scotland go beyond the scope of Dr. McCosh's history. They are noticed here merely as indicating the impossibility of maintaining the original doctrine of Scottish Philosophy.

The necessities of its defence had only the effect of undermining its foundations; and the system which had been laboriously built up by the toil of more than three generations of thinkers was reduced to the ruins embodied in a literature which can no longer represent the living struggles of men. Still the labours of these generations have not been lost for the great work of humanity. The fine ruins, which preserve the memory of their old conflict with the mysteries of the world, will be

found, in parts at least, to be not unworthy of study by many a generation of their descendants; and the Thought, which runs through human history shapes its own purposes, which we dream not of, in our speculative as well as in our practical life. The Scottish thinkers may have failed to solve, and in many cases even to comprehend, the problems which they took in hand; yet they accomplished what some of themselves would have acknowledged to be a still more essential work by the philosophical spirit which they kept alive. It is not too high a tribute to these philosophers to say that, during the greater part of the century over which the history of their School extends, the philosophical class-rooms of the Scottish Universities formed the sources of the highest intellectual culture which emanated from the educational institutions of Great Britain. From Dr. John Stevenson, who in his later days adopted the philosophy of Dr. Reid, down to Sir William Hamilton, the philosophical professors in the Universities of Scotland have been the subject of numerous grateful acknowledgments in the writings of distinguished pupils, who traced the most valuable results of their intellectual life to the educational power of their philosophical teachers. It is fortunate that Dr. McCosh's history will preserve from oblivion all that is worth knowing, if not all that is still known, with regard to the men who have done such good service in the culture of the Scottish mind.

J. CLARK MURRAY.

MY WALK.

Ye gentle folks that live in town,
 And on poor country wights look down,
 And daily take your dainty ride
 Mid courtly rank and Fashion's pride
 In the Row, with dukes and earls
 Lofty dames, and lovely girls,
 God bless you all, and grant you pleasure
 Up to the brim of your heart's measure!
 But I have joys unknown to you,
 And walks remote from London view.

Where the burnie leaps with glee,
 And the ground is rough and hilly,
 That's the walk that's dear to me—
 Not Pall Mall or Piccadilly.

Where the torrent from the brae
 Pours his strength and spreads his spray,
 And, like a white-maned mountain horse,
 Plunges down with headlong force,
 Lashing the rocks with foamy sweep
 Into the cauldron dark and deep;
 Where the birch-tree nods her plume
 O'er tufted wealth of heather bloom,
 And delicate ferns their wings uncurl
 O'er the brown water's sleepless whirl,
 Beside a blasted holly-tree,
 With never a rose and never a lily,
 That's the walk that's dear to me—
 Not Pall Mall or Piccadilly.

Where from the great Ben's dewy crown
 The infant rill comes trickling down,
 And glances out beneath the crag
 That cuts the sky with many a jag,
 And creeps beneath the old gray stones.
 Chips of the mountain's giant bones;
 Then trips adown with easy pace
 Over the huge slab's slippery face,
 To rest a while in mossy well,
 Where starry saxifrages dwell,
 With never a shrub and never a tree,
 Where the air is sharp and chilly,
 That's the walk that's dear to me—
 Not Pall Mall or Piccadilly.

Where the rough scour flouts the sky,
 And the ragged wrack skirts by;
 Where, round the granite's shattered peak,
 Wild tempests rave and wild birds shriek;
 Where, down the mountain's shelvy side,
 Long streaks of pounded ruin slide;
 Where thick the bare extent is sown
 With blocks on blocks all rudely thrown;
 And desolation, gaunt and grim,
 Stalks o'er the huge Ben's leafless rim,—

I face the blast, erect and free,
 And, tho' you deem my fancy silly,
 This mountain walk more pleases me
 Than your Pall Mall and Piccadilly.

Or where below, in peaceful glen,
 'Neath the broad shoulders of the Ben,
 The river winds in mazy error
 From the bright loch's gleaming mirror,
 Upon whose green and grassy rim,
 With tower and turret quaintly trim,
 Rises the house, beneath the wood,
 Whose lord, true-hearted, kind, and good,
 Preserves—a boast that few may claim—
 His crofters better than his game;
 There, by the old and wide-armed tree,
 A theme for Paton or for Millais,
 I choose the walk most dear to me—
 Not at Pall Mall or Piccadilly.

Farewell! God grant you honest pleasure
 Up to the brim of your heart's measure,
 Amid the dust and din and stew
 Of London town, which pleases you;
 Amid the fair and flaunting show
 Of prancing Fashion in the Row;
 With gartered lords and ladies fine,
 Who never without candles dine,
 And tug of war in Church and State,
 And clash of words in stout debate;
 From such high stir I would be free:
 In lone green glen or pasture hilly,
 A quiet ramble pleases me,
 Far from Pall Mall and Piccadilly!

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

A DOUBTING HEART.

CHAPTER XV.

CASABIANCA'S POLITICS.

"It's enough to make one wish one was a downright Jebusite," said Casabianca, thrusting a poker which he had been moodily balancing on his forefinger into the cindery back-room fire, and causing a cloud of dust to fly over Mildie, seated opposite, with a Euclid open in her lap, on to which, under cover of the twilight and Casabianca's late reverie, a few tears had been silently dropping.

"No, you need not set me right, Mildie; I won't be set right by you. I believe if you were dead, and some one made a mistake in history over your coffin, you would jump up and set 'em right. What does the name signify? I know what I mean; those fellows in the French revolution, who wanted to blow everybody's brains out, and kick things to shivers—and I say that the way in which we are all being treated just now is enough to make a fellow wish to join 'em. It's an awful shame."

"I don't know, Casa," said Mildie, with a great sob in her voice. "I suppose it will be for your good in the end, and perhaps Emmie will enjoy herself when she gets away from Saville Street, and can improve her French, and visit places one reads about. I would go away with a worse person than Aunt Rivers even," said Mildie, savagely, "to see the town where the Chevalier Bayard is buried. Oh, Emmie will enjoy herself; and Katherine Moore says we ought not to make a trouble of it."

"Hang Katherine Moore!" exploded Casabianca; "it's beastly ungrateful of her to say any such thing. I should like to know who has brought up their

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second scuttle of coals all this winter, while Mary Anne has been saying that one scuttle a day was enough for attic lodgers! and who's doing it is that Christabel's flowers ever get watered? and then for them to take and say I'm not to make a trouble of being sent out of the house to wear petticoats and yellow stockings, and never have a hat on my head! It's enough to turn a fellow into a flat Jebusite, as I said before; and all that Miss Alma Rivers may marry a money-grubbing Kirkman, and live in the 'Tower of Babel.' You need not shout at me. I know I'm right about *that* name at least. That is what Mr. Kirkman's new big house is called. Uncle Rivers showed it me in *Punch*, when I went to Eccleston Square with mamma the other morning."

"It was not the name I was trying to stop you from saying," answered Mildie. "I don't care what people call Mr. Kirkman's house; it's nothing to us; but Emmie asked me not to say, or let any one else say, she was going abroad with Aunt Rivers instead of Alma, because Alma was engaged to Mr. Horace Kirkman. It may not be quite settled yet, Emmie thinks, and it ought not to be talked about. If it is such a disgrace to the family, we need not be in a hurry to spread it about."

"Rubbish!" cried Casabianca. "When a fellow has heard a thing with his own ears, where's the use of trying to make him believe he does not know it? I tell you I heard every word Aunt Rivers said to mother. They left me kicking about in a dressing-room with nothing to do for an hour but listen to the talk that went on in the bedroom beyond; Aunt Rivers coughing half the time to work mother up to pity her, and do as she

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wished. Did I not feel as if I were being regularly sold, tied up in a sack and delivered over, as the bargaining went on? Such a pleasant change for dearest Emmie! The making of dear little Aubrey! Faugh! And then Uncle Rivers comes out, staring as if he expected to see a fellow six feet high, and puts his hand on my head and says they intend to make a Grecian of me. Grecian, indeed! I always thought the Greeks were fools for speaking such a miserable language, and inventing mathematics; but I did not know before that they made quite such guys of themselves as to go about in yellow stockings and petticoats, and without any hats."

"And you really," said Mildie, sighing, "care about that; and you are not at all glad to be going to a place where you can learn as much as you like, and where you might, if you pleased, get to be a great man. Cole-ridge and Charles Lamb were brought up where you are going."

"Yes, I know all about 'em; Christabel's been reading it to me out of a book. They had to eat at dinner lumps of boiled beef fat called squabs! Sounds jolly, I think!"

"It's a very unfair world, I think," said Mildred, while a great tear fell and blistered a page of her Euclid. "Some people get what they don't want and can't make any use of, and other people who are starving for that same thing have to go without."

"Shut up there," cried Casabianca; "I thought sisters were made to be sympathetic with one and all that, but you—. It makes me more disgusted than anything, to see you sitting there crying, because you are never to go to school again, and never need look into a book unless you please. Don't I wish I were standing in your shoes."

"Would you really like to change places with me?" cried Mildie, a wild notion of personating Casabianca in petticoats and yellow stockings, and profiting by Uncle Rivers's presentation to Christ Church in his stead, shooting momentarily through her brain.

"There," said Casabianca, "that just proves what I'm always pointing out to you—the folly of you girls supposing, because you can do sums, and remember a date or two, that you have the same sort of sense that *we* have; or that you know anything of a man's life. You think, do you, that you could get on better at a public-school than I could, because you're bookish! as if that would help you in a boxing-match. A jolly fix you would find yourself in before a week was out, if I took you at your word."

"I know it's impossible, of course," said Mildie, despairingly. "And, Casa, I don't mean to be unsympathising. I'm sorry enough that you are going away."

"Well you may be," growled Casabianca, resolved not to be mollified too easily. "You'll all feel the miss of me when the Gentle Lamb flies into a temper, and there's no one to stand up to him. All your precious history and mathematics won't help you to manage him."

"I know it," said Mildie. "But that's just why it seems so hard that I am to be taken from things I care for, and set to make a muddle of other people's work. Aunt Rivers told mamma that I was old enough now to be as useful in the family as Emmie, and that I ought to begin, as if just saying that could turn me into Emmie."

"But you think a great deal of yourself, don't you?" said Casabianca, aghast at this sudden appearance of self-depreciation in Mildie.

"No, I don't—I can't help liking arithmetic and remembering dates and things; but, oh! you need not, all of you, think so badly of me because of that; if I could make myself as pretty as Emmie, and get people to like me as they do her; but, there," dashing her head down upon her Euclid, and making it a mere puddle of tears, "I know they never will. I know how it will be when you and Emmie are gone. The Gentle Lamb will always be making horrible

grimaces on the stairs, while Mrs. Urquhart is passing, and I shall not be able to stop him, and the keys will always be missing at tea-time, and I shall never know where to look for the sal volatile when mamma has a headache."

"And all because the Rivers are so selfish," grunted Casabianca. "They have everything they can possibly want, and yet they rob us of Emmie. I know what it is like."

"So do I," said Mildie, "and I wish there was a prophet now to go to Aunt Rivers and say, 'Thou art the man!' I should like to do it myself."

"Perhaps she'll be awfully punished by and by, then," said Casabianca, a good deal cheered by the suggestion; "so, if I were you, Mildie, I would cheer up a bit. You really ain't so bad when you don't set up to know more than other people; and now I'll tell you something that you never should have known if you had not come down from your high horse. Tom Winter has been mistaking you for Emmie this long time."

"How could he?" asked Mildie, not so overwhelmed by the compliment as might have been expected.

"He is my greatest friend this half, and I told him how jolly Emmie was, and that he might look at her at church if he liked, and the other day I found out that he had been looking at you, and taking you for the pretty one. He says he don't see any reason why he should not. There now."

"I don't care what Tom Winter thinks of me," said Mildie, with dignity; "but if you will like me as Harry likes Emmie, I will do everything I can for you till you go, and always in the holidays, you shall see."

"All right," said Casabianca, edging his chair a little closer to Mildie's. "I never did bully you but for your own good, to keep you from thrusting your learning down everybody's throat; and now as you are reasonable I'll let you into something more. See my purse. You may well stare at what is in it; but Mr. Anstice tipped

me tremendously the day he called when everybody was out, and when I walked back to his place with him. He said it was to buy a bat, but I shall get a great deal more out of it than that, I promise you, if only I can make up my mind to change the first 'yellow-boy' I ever had in my life. Don't it look jolly?"

"Mr. Anstice!" exclaimed Mildie. "He called an hour ago with a book for Emmie, and left word that he would not come in, as it was her last day at home. I wondered how he had got to know she was going away. I suppose you told him that and everything—eh, Casabianca?"

"Why not? If Aunt Rivers thinks she can bribe me to keep hers and Miss Alma's secrets she's very much mistaken. Of course I told him everything."

"How did he look?" inquired Mildie, curiously.

"Look!" said Casabianca, "how should he look, but just as usual, though, now I come to think of it, I don't believe he did. He was not so jolly as usual. When he first came in he looked—well, palish, you know, as if he had a bad cold in his head or something. However, he was all right with me, and evidently very glad to have me to talk to, for he invited me to dine with him, and gave me this magnificent tip when I went away."

"Perhaps I had better take the book and his note to Emmie now. She is packing her new box in the spare room, and she is to drink tea this last night in the Land of Beulah. I will find her before she goes up."

It had all come about in what seemed such an amazingly short space of time, so many events and propositions following each other, that Emmie, the person chiefly concerned, had hardly yet taken in all that was involved in them. On the day after Emmie's return home, Dr. Urquhart had been sent for to Eccleston Square in haste, and brought back alarming news of Lady Rivers, who had been seized

with an attack of hæmorrhage from the lungs after an agitating conversation with her daughter. Some days of real anxiety followed, and then, as amendment set in, the necessity of Lady Rivers leaving England and spending some months in a warmer climate began to be talked of. Next came the day when Mrs. West was summoned to a conference with Sir Francis Rivers in Eccleston Square, from which she returned pale and agitated, saying that Sir Francis had almost put her sister's life into her hands by assuring her that Lady Rivers would only consent to leave home on condition that her niece Emmie was allowed to accompany her, while Alma remained to complete her London season under her sister's chaperonage. Aubrey's nomination to Christ Church had not, in reality, been offered as a bribe, for Sir Francis had previously been working to obtain it; but success came at the moment when he made his request for the loan of Emmie, and Mr. West chose to feel that it laid an obligation upon the whole family from which they could not escape. When the matter was laid before him he said he would not accept Sir Francis's favours without paying the equivalent prescribed, and, hearing this, Emmie and her mother exchanged glances, and knew in their hearts that the thing was settled and nothing left for either of them to say. An education for one of the boys must not be refused or imperilled by any crossing of Mr. West's mood.

Sir Francis was liberal beyond expectation in all the arrangements that followed, and everybody told Mrs. West and Emmie that this price they were paying for Aubrey's advantage was no sacrifice, but a great piece of good luck. They were too busy to investigate their own impressions on the subject closely, and said very little to each other about the approaching separation even during the last day's packing. They talked, as loving people on the eve of a parting do talk, of trifles which concerned

the common life, tenderly making believe that absence would not snap the close threads of union. They made over Casabianca's new shirts to the last button, and laid little plans for brightening Harry's evenings and consoling Mildie for the loss of her school lessons. Then, when Emmie was laying her new dress on the top of her box and nothing further remained to be done, Mrs. West spoke a few tender words of counsel and love and sorrow, taking care all the while that the slow tears creeping down her cheeks should not fall on the pretty frills and flounces Emmie's fingers were smoothing out, and they kissed across the box and clung mutely together over this symbol of parting, till Mr. West's evening knock was heard at the door. It brought a pang to Emmie with the thought of how far she would be away when it came on the next evening, and it sent Mrs. West away in haste, to be at her post when her husband came in. He would not say anything to-night about Emmie's approaching departure, but perhaps (so Mrs. West thought) he would grieve over it more than any one else in the house; for did not the worst part of every trouble come upon him, and ought not he to be supremely pitied by her at least?

Emmie sat down on the floor after her mother left her, to wipe away her tears and get herself ready for the Land of Beulah. Tears had been very near her eyes all day, yet it cannot be denied that the grey web of her regrets was crossed by a great many bright threads of hope and expectation. The mere fact of being seated here to-night, with a fire lighted in the spare room expressly for her, and an air of excitement pervading the whole house on her account, caused some pleasant stirrings of emotions. Beyond lay thoughts and hopes, and eager glances into the future, which during the press of late occupations she had kept at bay. She now confessed to herself that after the interest of that one fortnight spent at

the Rivers's she should have found it difficult to sink back altogether into Saville Street life, and never to know the end and real meaning of some events she had there taken part in. Now she should at all events be in the way of hearing, and might perhaps get to understand the drift of Eccleston Square politics in the end. Could Casabianca's ears have served him rightly? Could Alma have decided so, and what influence had her own presumptuous meddling had on her decision?

Here instead of thoughts came visions, and Emmie was back in Eccleston Square, looking down over the balusters on a nodding bird of paradise feather and on the upturned face of a young man following behind. She could read clearly the character revealed in those keen, inquisitive eyes, that large, smiling, self-sufficient mouth, those boastful open nostrils, and that square chin, and she knew quite well, if Alma did not, the little there was to like in it, and the much to shrink from instinctively; and as she mentally gazed the wonder grew. How could Alma choose so? Would there ever be an end of her wondering, even while she kept her memory clear from the picture of another face which she could never bear, even in thought, to put by the side of that one? the idea of their being rivals giving her always a glow of indignation hard to keep within reasonable bounds. But what, after all, was Alma's choice to her, and what possible right had she to be angry about it, or to grieve for the pain it must have brought some one who would perhaps lay a part of the blame to her officiousness?

Just as Emmie's thoughts reached this point, Mildie opened the bedroom door, bringing in a stream of gaslight from the passage, and something in her hand, which Emmie discovered to be a letter when her dreaming eyes recovered their power of seeing, and she had brought herself back to Saville Street again.

"Are you not dressed yet?" cried

Mildie. "The tea has gone into the Land of Beulah already, and Dr. Urquhart came in half-an-hour ago. Here's a letter and a parcel for you, which Mr. Anstice left at the door. I did not think it worth while to bring them up whilst you were busy packing."

"Fetch me a candle then, please," said Emmie, "and I will dress here, without going up stairs again."

But Emmie did not wait for the candle to open her letter; as soon as Mildie was safely out of the room she coaxed up a blaze from the red embers, tore open the envelope, and read—

"DEAR MISS WEST,—I called in Saville Street two days ago, in the hope of seeing you, and—shall I confess it?—of hearing from you the truth of a report that had reached me of serious illness in your uncle's house. I thought the illness might account for my not having received an answer to a letter sent there more than a week ago, and I trusted to your kindness to throw all the light on my suspense your superior knowledge could give. Judge of my disappointment at not finding you. In default of his elders, Casabianca entertained me with an exposition of his views on things in general, among which I picked up, not what I wanted to hear certainly, but at all events the end of my suspense. There is simply no more to be said, and I am egotistical once more to you because I think, having gone so far in self-betrayal, it is better to make an end, and to assure you, once for all, that the failure of the enterprise you put me upon in no way detracts from my gratitude to you for holding me worthy of it. Let us both forget that we ever took upon ourselves to judge Mr. Horace Kirkman, junior, and try to believe a certain person's discernment greater than ours. May your cousin be happy in the choice she has made, and may you suffer as little from Mrs. Kirkman's vicarious affection as circumstances will admit of. I should like to have seen you before you left

England, but I must not monopolise your time at home, now so short—the more as I am not without hope of seeing something of you during your banishment. The house to which, as I hear from your brother, you are going, belongs to a relative of mine, and it must have been my talk in old times of the charms and advantages of La Roquette that induced Lady Rivers to fix upon it as a winter residence for herself and you. My cousin, Madame de Florimel, lives in a tumble-down old *château* at the foot of the hill on which the *chalet* you will inhabit is perched, and the visit she expects from me once in two years or so is about due now. Perhaps I shall escape there from this region of Kirkmans and east-windy thoughts should they become too oppressive when Easter arrives, and we shall meet at La Roquette and talk London gossip among the anemones and daffodils, which by that time will have overrun all the valleys where you will be quite at home when I see you next. Did you not say, when we were capping verses at Christmas, and Miss Moore could not understand your not being ready with a line for ‘daffodils,’ that you did not know Wordsworth well because you had never had him of your own? Here he is in a small enough compass to fit into a chance corner of your travelling-box, and I bring him in case you should find room for him at the last.

“Your sincere friend,
“WYNARD ANSTICE.”

“What does he say, Emmie? What is the letter about?” asked Mildie, who, candle flaming in hand, stood staring down into Emmie’s face, as she reached the last line. “Why, I do believe there’s a tear on your cheek. Dear Emmie, you will let me read the letter, won’t you? I do so want to know the sort of things people write when they are crossed in love and very miserable. Does he threaten to die and come to Alma’s wedding breakfast like Alonzo the Brave, with worms

creeping out of his eyes? I’m sure I wish he would, and that you and I might be there as bridesmaids, and see the Rivers and Kirkmans properly served out at last. You will let me read some part of the letter at all events, won’t you?”

Emmie had it safe back in its envelope by this time.

“Mr. Anstice writes to me about La Roquette, the place in France where we are going,” she answered with dignity. “He has French relations, and one of them lives in an old *château* there, close to the house Uncle Rivers has taken for us to live in.”

“A *château*,” sighed Mildie. “How much happier most people are than ourselves; if I had a relation living in a real old *château*, I should not mind what happened to me—no, not if I were crossed in love fifty times. Dear Emmie, since you won’t give me Mr. Anstice’s letter to read, let me at least put his book into your box, and finish off the ends of the packing, while you go and enjoy yourself in the Land of Beulah. To-morrow at this time I shall not have even such pleasant occupation as packing; I shall be making tea for the boys in the back parlour, without you, completely miserable.

CHAPTER XVI.

“HUSH.”

To enter Mrs. Urquhart’s apartments from any other part of the house was to pass through noise and excitement to peace and sunshine, and Emmie felt a hush fall on her spirits the instant she crossed the threshold. Not that she was altogether wrong in supposing that the general agitation had for once just touched the still atmosphere of the Land of Beulah, and brought something new into the faces and manner of the friends who welcomed her there; but it was a soothing something, that flattered her with a sense of importance without saddening her. The fire was coaxed into such clear burning as only skill like Mrs. Urquhart’s could coax

a London fire. The tea-service of dainty china and bright silver sparkled with cleanliness not due certainly to manipulations of Mary Anne's, and the faces round the table reflected the brightness. Dr. Urquhart might, indeed, be a little pre-occupied, for once or twice, when Emmie suddenly turned towards him, she found, to her surprise, that he was gazing rather intently on her. Could he be noticing the red rims round her eyes, and did he know what caused them? Emmie looked away into the depths of the fire, and tried to comfort herself with the reflection that the most skilful of physicians, though he might spy out quickly the tokens of tears, could not penetrate to the cause from which the tears sprang. Mrs. Urquhart was luckily less observant than her son. She chatted on through the silence of the two others, about the laudatory notice of Graham's lectures she had just spied out in the *Lancet*, and by and by, Dr. Urquhart woke up and joined in the conversation after his usual manner, with a good deal of playful banter of his mother, and then a question or remark, which tended to draw the talk away from personal matters, and give Emmie a chance of taking her share.

She did not avail herself of it frequently, such a bewildering clatter of voices seemed to be going on in her mind, all telling her different things about to-morrow, and all, as it seemed to her, trying to drown a persistent small voice, that somewhere in a far corner of her brain would go on saying softly over and over again—"Among the anemones and daffodils in the spring"—"Among the anemones and daffodils in the spring." This was February, and even in England daffodils "take the winds of March." Emmie knew enough of Shakespeare to remember that. A month—six weeks—to wait, and then—No, she would not make that calculation again; her mother was crying down stairs over a different scale of reckoning the weeks. How could she be so heartless as to feel as if the arrival

of one London acquaintance at La Roquette would annul the pain of separation from every one at home? She determined to put the notion from her and attend to what Dr. and Mrs. Urquhart were saying. They had travelled to the South of France in their talk now, and were congratulating her on all the new sights and sounds she would experience—nightingales, fireflies, cicadas.

Tea is over, and Mrs. Urquhart looks a shade surprised, when Dr. Urquhart lingers on, leaving a pile of notes unexamined on his writing-table, while he takes botanical dictionaries, volumes of natural history, from his shelves, to show Emmie engravings of flowers and insects she will soon have an opportunity of admiring in their natural state. How delightedly Mildie would have picked up the information that drops from his lips, quite unpremeditatedly, and only because there is such a store within that it must come out when not suppressed; and how difficult it is to Emmie to care just then as much about the migratory caterpillar and the edible green frog as she knows she ought to care. He perceives the lack of interest at last, and subsides, with a sigh, into the inner-room to his writing-table and letters and reading-lamp. There, partially hidden by the curtains that hang from the arch between the rooms, he can still hear the murmur of voices by the hearth. He leans back in his chair every now and then between reading and answering a note, perhaps to cogitate his reply; perhaps to get a peep at the talkers, and think, as he watches the changes on Emmie's face, that his mother has found something to say to her which interests her more than the green frog. When he has come to his last note, he indulges himself in a longer spell of watching. Mrs. Urquhart has laid down her particoloured knitting, and has folded one of Emmie's little hands in hers.

"Yes, my dear," she is saying, "a first visit from home is an important crisis to a girl. Dear me! nothing else in after life is ever quite like it. It

may be—it is likely to be—the beginning of all her real life. Perhaps I'm a silly old woman, who expects every girl she sees to have the same experience as herself; but talking of this journey of yours, somehow sets me upon recollecting the first time I ever left my home. I had led a quieter life than even you, my dear, in a little Scotch manse in the North, where we never saw a fresh face from year's end to year's end, and my first visit was made to cousins who lived in Edinburgh. What a packing up it was! How my mother stitched at my clothes; and what a prayer my good father made over me at family worship the last evening. The whole village was stirred up, and there was quite a little crowd to see me set off by the coach in the morning. Our laird, who made the journey the same day, and had promised to look after me, sneered a little at all the tears and excitement, telling me I should be back in a few weeks, feeling just the same as before I went, and that I should wonder then what all the commotion had been about. He was mistaken, however. I did return home at the end of a six weeks' visit; but Dr. Urquhart, my Dr. Urquhart, not the imitation one you see there, followed me to the manse before the week was out, and well, my dear, the old quiet home-life was over for me after that. Plenty of struggle and trouble came after; but I don't think I ever for one moment of the struggling time wished that I had not travelled to Edinburgh that particular winter. Things of the kind will occur, I suppose, when a girl goes out into the world from a quiet home; there is always a chance that it is her fate she goes to meet, and I can only say that I hope your luck will be as good as mine, if you chance to come across yours before we sit here again, Emmie, my dear."

"Mother! what are you talking about?—hush!"

The two heads, confidentially approaching each other, turned in surprise towards the direction whence the words came, and saw Dr. Urquhart

standing in the opening between the rooms, and looking very much shaken out of his ordinary composure. There was an actual flash of anger in his eyes, and his fresh healthy cheeks were a great many shades redder than usual. Mrs. Urquhart gazed at him silently for a minute over her spectacles. She had not been silenced in such a peremptory tone since the date of her Edinburgh journey.

"My dear Graham," she said at last, "why should I be silent? What business is it of yours what I say to Miss West? We thought you were too much occupied with your letters to heed what nonsense we women please to talk to each other."

Dr. Urquhart had now reached the fireplace, and was facing his mother, with the gleam of displeasure still in his grey eyes.

"It is my business," he said, in a low tone. "I cannot hear you suggesting to Miss West the possibility of coming back changed to her old friends, without putting in a word of remonstrance. I wonder at you, mother."

"But why should you care?" cried Emmie, turning innocent wide-open eyes upon him. "Of course it was only nonsense we were talking. I don't want any change. Nothing will happen to me. I shall come back just the same—liking and disliking the same people that I like and dislike now. You will see."

"Shall I?—That is enough," said Dr. Urquhart, turning from his mother to Emmie, with all the anger cleared away from his face, and a strange happy trembling of the lip, and twinkling of the eyes, noticeable there instead.

Mrs. Urquhart cleared her throat very loudly, and began ostentatiously to count the stitches of her knitting.

"It is just folly to pretend to prophesy how you will feel when you come back before you have ever gone away," she said, severely, when she had come to the end of a row.

"I was not prophesying, was I?" asked Emmie, a little taken aback at the impression her common-place

remark had evidently made on her two auditors. "I don't think I meant to prophesy anything."

"No, no!" said Dr. Urquhart in a hurried voice, through which a timid joyfulness pierced. "It was, if I may be allowed to say so, more of a promise than a prophecy; it is a question of present feeling—of knowing our own minds."

"Which you young things always fancy you do when you don't," said Mrs. Urquhart—beginning diligently to count again.

Emmie's cheeks burned uncomfortably, as she sat in a silence that followed, wondering what she could have said or done amiss, and when the clock in the back room opportunely broke the stillness, by striking nine, she jumped up much relieved, and pleaded the early start to-morrow morning, and the number of little last things that remained to be done, in excuse for an early leave-taking. She fancied that Mrs. Urquhart's farewell kiss was somewhat less cordial than her welcoming one had been, and that Dr. Urquhart tried to make up for his mother's unwonted coldness by following her to the door, and holding her hand in a long farewell shake, while he promised to look after her mother's health until her return. When once the door of the Land of Beulah was shut behind her, however, she had too many other things to think of to trouble herself further about any strangeness there might have been in the manners of her two friends that night. She would have been extremely surprised, if she had known how nearly the Land of Beulah ceased to be the Land of Beulah, on her account, after she left it.

Dr. Urquhart walked straight to his own end of the room, when he had taken leave of Emmie, and as he stood by his writing-table sealing his notes, and putting them ready for the late post, his mother's ear detected the sound of a softly whistled tune, breaking out again and again—

"My love she's but a lassie yet."

It was a sound she had not heard for years, and which she could not think seemly from the lips of a physician in such growing repute as Dr. Graham Urquhart. Then, with the bundle of notes in his hand, he came and stood again by the fireplace, not speaking, but looking at the red embers with a provokingly happy smile on his face. A true Urquhart smile, made up of confident hopefulness, and a touch of self-complacency as well. Such a smile as had sometimes vexed Mrs. Urquhart's soul when, on a face, of which this was the *facsimile*, it had confronted her in moments of disturbance in her early married life. She hardly knew what to make of herself when she felt the old impatience stirring again, and found a sneer curling her old lips, as she marked the contented curve into which her son's had fallen.

"What was the foolish lad so pleased about? What nonsense was he getting into his head now?"

The clock struck again before either spoke, and then it was Dr. Urquhart, who started, for he thought it was about five minutes since he shook hands with Emmie, and had not the least conception that his mother had been looking at him disapprovingly for exactly half-an-hour. He even lighted and brought her bedroom candle, and stooped to give her the never-omitted good-night kiss, before he perceived the disquiet in her face, and became aware that there was something wrong.

"Mother!" he exclaimed. For a minute they stood looking at each other; and Mrs. Urquhart, though she would not withdraw her eyes from his, felt as if the Land of Beulah was crumbling round her. "Are you really very angry with me for interrupting your talk with Miss West just now?" he asked. "Have not I a right to my share of talk with her as well as you?"

"It was very ill-judged, Graham," Mrs. Urquhart began, quite relieved that the opportunity of speaking her mind had come so soon. "It does not signify what an old woman like myself says to a girl; but when you

strike in you make it serious. If you did but know how you looked when you came stalking down upon us from the inner room."

"I looked very ridiculous, I dare say; one generally does when one is very much in earnest; but, mother, you are generally so quick at guessing. Don't you understand why I could not bear to hear you put such a notion into her head? She is such a child; she has no thought yet but for her own people and her own home. I am letting her go without a word, trusting to her coming back as simple-hearted as she went, and I hear you calmly, suggesting a possibility I have not allowed myself to think of—that I could not bear!"

"Graham!—and you say yourself that 'she is a mere child.'"

"The dearest—the loveliest—the most perfect in the world. My wife and your daughter in the years to come—please God, mother—if only we have her safe back again."

Dr. Urquhart was not really a vain man, only a little over-hopeful, as early successful people are apt to be, and it did not occur to him, that a simple little childish heart like this, might be the one good thing in the world—the one prize, that, for all his other triumphs, was beyond his winning. He did not think of that, and having spoken those two fateful words so sacred to him, he drew up his head, winking a little moisture perhaps from his eyes, but proud and smiling.

Mrs. Urquhart sank down into her chair quite overwhelmed. She had fancied she wished her son to fall in love and marry. She had even been planning magnanimously for Katherine Moore, at some quite distant date—a sensible, reliable, not too beautiful young woman. Mrs. Urquhart was of Mr. Caxton's opinion as to the middling style of beauty desirable in one's son's wife—she could, she thought, have put up with that. But a child with a pink and white face like Emmie West; an impulsive kittenish young thing, who came to her room, not two days ago, to borrow a thimble, confessing that

her own had been missing for a fortnight, to give up the mending of her son's linen, and the first place in his affection, to such charge as that—and not at a vaguely distant day either. Old as she was, Mrs. Urquhart had too vivid a recollection of scenes following on her Edinburgh journey to be in doubt, when signs of the real true feeling were before her eyes. Yes, yes. Love, with all his youthful unrest, and all his jealous pangs and cloudy distractions, had come to-night into the Land of Beulah—but was it the Land of Beulah any longer, or only a hilly part of the journey where Apollyon had to be met and conquered once more? Mrs. Urquhart pressed her hands hard down on the arms of her chair, and turned her head away. She was naturally a warm-tempered, jealous-hearted woman, and had had hard struggles with herself in past times. But she was used to victory. In five minutes it was all over. Apollyon had put his dart back again into the sheath, and spread his broad wings for flight, worsted for the last time, and sweet breaths from the Heavenly Hills were blowing tranquillity and peace about her old heart again. Was not her own Love waiting for her there, beyond the river? and could she be so base as to grudge this good son a free choice of his?

"Dear little Emmie West!" she said softly. "How I wish I had given her a second kiss to-night—a mother's kiss! Well, we will both be in the way to see her to-morrow morning, before she leaves the house, and whenever the time comes, as of course it will come, as soon as we have her here again, and you bring her to me for my blessing, there will be a warm welcome ready for her. She's too good a daughter not to make a good wife for you, my son, and though she did not of course intend it, she showed plainly enough to-night which way her inclination was going."

"You think so really, mother? You make me very happy."

And when Mrs. Urquhart, afraid of a relapse if she were obliged to listen

to any further raptures this evening, stretched out her hand for her bed-candle, she received the most affectionate embrace from her son she had had since the night of her widowhood—when he put his boyish arms round her and offered her the devotion of his young life to make up for her desolation. Of course she had known all along that the hour of her dethronement would come, she would have been quite miserable if it had never come, and now that it was here a little soon, she felt that the one thing to be done was to strip herself of every valued possession still her own, and cast all at the feet of her supplanter. What had she good enough to offer to Emmie West—to the person who had won her son's heart from her?

As she felt too much excited when she got into her own room to prepare for rest at once, she seated herself before her dressing-table and began an elaborate inspection of old treasures, to discover something that might be sacrificed to her rival to-morrow. Should it be the wonderful cairngorm brooch that Graham had bought for her after their first separation with the savings of his school allowance? or the solid gold pencil-case that represented his first fee? or that dearer treasure yet, the old-fashioned locket in which her husband had put the first baby lock of hair? No, that must be a later gift. It was dedicated to-night, but reserved for the bridal morning. The cairngorm brooch should be offered first. And then Mrs. Urquhart put on her strongest spectacles and wrote a neat little note to be slipped with the brooch into Emmie's hand next morning; wondering, as she laboriously picked her phrases to make them cordial enough, that a disciplined heart should have such clinging roots round earthly possessions still, and yield the first place so grudgingly.

If her ears had been quick enough, or if she could have seen through the ceiling of her room on to the balcony of the story above, her sense of lone-

liness would have been lessened, for she would have discovered that another heart in that house to-night was going through the self-same struggle. A novice learning her first lesson out of the great book of sacrifice in which women graduate for heaven, instead of a veteran spelling out the finis to which she had arrived.

Mildie was the fellow-sufferer. The evening had been a very trying one for her. All the boys—including Harry—had been out of spirits, and consequently captious with her tea-making, and after tea came an order from Mr. West for a general turn out of the common stock of school-books that the most available specimens might be set aside for Aubrey to take to school with him. Harry presided over the business, but of course Mildie could not keep herself from hovering near her treasures, and smarting under a keen sense of injustice as she heard one after another of her favourites disposed of without any reference to her claims on them. Mildie's Euclid was it? bought with her own money? Well, it was the only decent one among the lot. She must give it up, and be content with Casa's old one. What could it matter to her if the second half of the third book was torn out? She would never get anything like so far with no one to help her. The Latin Dictionary that had lost all its D's and its L's, might stay on the school-room shelf. The Gentle Lamb, was going to leave off Latin and sink to the commercial school after Easter, and as for Mildie, she was only learning for her own amusement. It could not signify if she had to guess all the words beginning with D or L for the rest of her life. A girl's Latin translations were sure to be rum enough, Casa opined, whatever sort of Dictionary she used.

To wind up the insults and injuries of the evening, Mildie was requested, quite good-naturedly, for no one had noticed her sufferings, to write Aubrey's name and address legibly in the first page of each of these books—her books that she had valued

and used so much more diligently, and to so much better purpose than anybody else in the house—and then to take them and put them away in his room to be packed in his new school-box to-morrow. She did it, mentally comparing herself to a Carthaginian mother dropping her children through the hands of Moloch; but on leaving Casa's attic, she felt she could not go down stairs again to look at the ravished book-shelves and be badgered by the boys for her red eyes. What remotest corner of the house should she rush to, to have a good cry and ease her angry heart? Members of large families in crowded houses find the luxury of grief as difficult of attainment sometimes as other luxuries generally supposed to be more costly. Mildie could think of only one spot where she could secure five minutes' solitude and freedom to look as she liked and sob as loudly as she pleased without provoking criticism.

This spot was rather a summer's than a winter's retreat—a certain level bit of the leads at the back of the house, to which there was access by a little door in one of the attic rooms. The night was cold and there was snow on the roof, but what did that matter? Mildie threw a shawl over her head, pushed the little door hard, and emerged among a forest of chimney-pots. She soon made her way among them to the spot she had in her mind, and then stood still. The novelty of the scene in its winter aspect drew her thoughts from herself at first, and checked the tears she had come to shed. Far below, were the gaslights, stretching up and down the narrow back street, and a file of men and women drudging past them through the black slush to which the morning's snow had been trampled; but around her still lay patches of dazzling white mixed with red gables and yawning black chimneys, and over all stretched a sky of thin cloud, silvered in one spot with frosty moonlight. Dictionaries and Euclids did not look so all important here in this wide white-and-black

world as they had looked in the school-room below, but Mildie was not disposed to let go her hold on her grievance so easily. Hers was not a romantic sorrow, like that of a young girl wounded in her first secret love, but perhaps she felt quite as forlorn and sorehearted as any love-sick maiden, and she had come up here to have it out with herself.

It was hard, yes, it was hard—and no one saw the hardship. She was the only person in the family who cared for study, and she was robbed of her opportunities and turned into a drudge without any one so much as acknowledging that it was a sacrifice. Her life was taken up and folded away in the dark that other people might do as they pleased with theirs. Alma marry a rich man, and Emmie travel abroad with Aunt Rivers, and Casa enjoy privileges he would make nothing of—and all the time Mildie had thoughts and ambitions in that rough head of hers such as would never come to any of them. She knew it well enough, though she knew also that she should be laughed utterly to scorn by every one if she were even to hint at anything of the kind. Oh, it did seem hard! and now the tears came in a plentiful rain, and Mildie crossed her arms on the wet parapet, quite heedless of damage to the shawl in which she had folded them, and laid her face down and scobbed out her moan. Stormy, heart-shaking sobs at first, dying down into gentler heaving of her breast against the grimy wet parapet she had chosen to weep upon.

"Hush! hush!"

The sound seemed to come out of the air and dropped into Mildie's ears, half soothingly, half remonstratingly, in rough, but loving tones.

"Hush, then, hush!"

She raised her head and looked over the parapet. The words were being spoken down there. A woman was leaning against the railings of an area below, resting for a moment while she tried to readjust her burden, a wailing child, so as to give it a warmer fold

of a ragged shawl in which her half-naked bosom and it were wrapped together.

"Hush dear, hush!"

It was a softer whisper now, soft, almost satisfied, for the child's cries were stilled, and Mildie, from her station above, saw the mother pull herself upright and set out on her way again, staggering and swaying under her load from weakness and weariness, but plodding on and on down the dim street, through ice and mire, till darkness and distance swallowed her up.

How long had she been carrying that baby, and how far?—Mildie vaguely wondered. How her arms must ache, and yet how closely they clasped their burden round.

There was something more in Mildie after all than the pert pedantic school-girl she appeared to outsiders. She could understand other things besides languages and mathematics, and get glimpses, sometimes in irregular ways, into matters that her studies did not touch at all. She could not have explained to Casabianca why that woman's "Hush!" and the sight of her burdened figure plodding on down the comfortless street, took all the anger and pain out of her heart, and suddenly elevated household drudgery far above learning, into a kind of glorious martyrdom indeed, which had no shade of bitterness in it: yet such was the effect it had on her. She no longer felt injured or solitary—there were other burden-bearers, more than enough. Was one a woman for anything else? Mildie saw it all in a flash of lightning; and something else too loomed up vague and grand in her thoughts to be pondered over till it grew clear in after years. The woman-born, who called Himself the chief bearer of burdens, was it not in virtue of nearness to Him that the call to bear burdens for others, unthanked and unnoticed, came so often to women?

Was there anything really greater? Was it not being called to sit in the highest room, nearest to the Giver of the Feast?

Mrs. Urquhart would have been content with her fellow-struggler's progress in her first lesson, if she could have read the thoughts that busied Mildie's brain as she crept back through the low door into the house again, and set herself to wash the grimy marks from her shawl at the sink in the housemaid's closet. It was cold there, but Emmie and her mother were still talking in the bedroom, and Mildie resolved not to disturb them by bringing her own uncomfortable self into their presence before it was necessary.

When she crept into the room at last, all was quiet, and Emmie was kneeling by her bedside, lingering a little longer than usual, this last night, over her evening prayers. For the last week or so, since a certain conversation with Alma, Emmie had added a clause to her petitions for relations and friends which had Alma's name in it, a prayer hardly worded but breathed low—that when the time came Alma might be led to make Somebody happy—or rather kept from giving him such pain as Emmie knew of. To-night she paused over the words, for she remembered suddenly that it was too late to frame such a petition now. It was all over, and Alma had put it out of her power to give joy or pain to that person more. There was, as he had phrased it himself, "nothing more to be said." The recollection brought Emmie's prayers to a hasty conclusion. She jumped up and hurried to bed, for she was conscious that a great throb had come to her heart with that certainty, a throb of triumph, not of pain, and it frightened her to find such a feeling had come for such a cause.

To be continued.

BACKGAMMON AMONG THE AZTECS.

By *backgammon* we usually mean one particular game played with dice and thirty draughts, on a board with twelve points on each side. But this is only one of a family of games, whose general definition is that they consist in moving pieces on a diagram, not at the player's free choice, as in draught-playing, but conformably to the throws of lots or dice. It can hardly be doubted that the set of games thus combining chance and skill are all, whether ancient or modern, the descendants of one original game. By a stretch of imagination, it may be possible to fancy draughts or dice to have been fresh invented more than once. But when it comes to a game which combines the two ideas, it seems to pass the bounds of ordinary probability to suppose, for instance, that a Greek and an Arab and a Birmese were separately seized by the same happy thought, and said, Go to, let us cast lots, and count them to play at draughts by. If indeed any reader should think such a combination might have happened twice over, he may be asked to look closely into the games presently to be described, so as to satisfy himself that their agreement goes even farther, as in the peculiar principle on which the high and low throws are counted, and, so far as one knows, in there generally being in some shape the rule of hitting a blot, that is, taking an enemy's undefended man off the point one's own man moves to. The exact primitive game whence all known games of the class were derived cannot now be pointed out, and indeed is perhaps lost in pre-historic antiquity. So we may as well keep to our own word, and call the whole set the backgammon family. It is in this sense that I use the word here, with the purpose of proving that before

Hernando Cortés landed with his invading Spaniards at Vera Cruz, one variety of backgammon had already found its way over from Asia into Mexico, and had become a fashionable amusement at the barbaric court of Montezuma. But before following the game on its hitherto unnoticed migration into the New World, let us first glance at its Old World history.

Clearly our English *backgammon* and the more complicated French *trictrac* are descended from the Roman game of the "twelve lines" (*duodecim scripta*) which was played throughout the empire. This is the game which Ovid says has lines as many as the gliding year has months, and he means it where he gives the lover insidious counsel, when his mistress casts the ivory numbers from her hand, let him give himself bad throws and play them ill. Among the Christian antiquities in Rome is a marble slab, on which a backgammon-table is cut, with a Greek cross in the middle, and a Greek inscription that Jesus Christ gives victory and help to dicers if they write his name when they throw the dice—Amen. Carelessly scratched as it is, by some stone-cutter whose faith went beyond his *trictrac*, it shows that the board was like ours even to the division in the middle, which makes the two groups of six points on each side. From ancient Rome, too, we inherit the habit of making the backgammon-board with a draught-board on the reverse side, at any rate the commentators so interpret Martial's epigram on the *tabula lusoria* :

"Hic mihi bis seno numeratur tessera puncto
Calculus hic gemino discolor hoste perit."

"Here, twice the die is counted to the point
of size,
Here, 'twixt twin foes of other hue, the
draughtsman dies."

The very mode of playing the men in classic backgammon may be made out from a fifth century Greek epigram, commemorating a remarkable hit, in which the Emperor Zeno got his men so blocked, that having the ill-luck to throw 2, 5, 6 (they used three dice, as indeed we continued to do in the Middle Ages), the only moves open obliged him to leave eight blots. This historic problem, and other matters of Greek and Latin backgammon, are worked out by M. Becq de Fouquières, in his *Jeux des Anciens*, with a skill that would have rejoiced the hearts of those eminent amateurs, the old Count de Trictrac and the venerable Abbé du Cornet, to whose teaching history records that Miss Becky Sharp ascribed the proficiency at backgammon which made her society so agreeable to Sir Pitt at Queen's Crawley.

It is not known so exactly what manner of backgammon the Greeks played in earlier ages. But there are various passages to prove that when they talk of dice-playing, they often mean not mere hazard, but some game of the backgammon-sort, where the throws of the dice are turned to account by skilful moving of pieces. Thus Plato says that, as in casting dice, we ought to arrange our affairs according to the throws we get, as reason shall declare best; and Plutarch, further moralizing, remarks that Plato compares life to dicing (*κυβεία*), where one must not only get good throws, but know how to use them skilfully when one has got them. So with Plutarch's story of Parysatis, mother of Artaxerxes. She was "awful at dice" (*ἐνὶ κῦβειν*), and "playing her game carefully," won from the king the eunuch Mesabates, who had cut off the head and hand of Cyrus; having got him, she had him flayed alive and his skin stretched. This episode of old Persian history is noteworthy in the history of the game, because Persian backgammon, which they call *nard*, is much like the Euro-

pean form of the game, which, it has been not unreasonably guessed, may itself have come from Persia. This nard is popular in the East, and orthodox Moslems have seen in the fateful throws of the dice a recognition of the decrees of Allah, that fall sometimes for a man and sometimes against him. It is, said one, a nobler game than chess, for the backgammon-player acknowledges predestination and the divine will, but the chess-player denies them like a dissenter. Not to lose ourselves in speculations on the Oriental origin of backgammon, at any rate it was from Rome that it spread over Europe, carrying its Latin name of *tabula* with it in French and English *tables*. This word has dropped out of our use since the Elizabethan period, but an instance of it may be cited in a couple of lines, conveying another little sermon on backgammon, which the English author no doubt borrowed from the Latin of Terence, even as he had copied it from the Greek of Menander:

"Man's life's a game of *tables*, and he may
Mend his bad fortune by his wiser play."

There is an idea which readily presents itself as to how backgammon came to be invented, namely, that the draughts were originally mere *counters*, such as little stones, shifted on a calculating-board to reckon up the successive throws, and that it was an afterthought to allow skill in the choice of moves. This guess fits well enough with the classic draught being described as a stone, *ἄσπερ*, *calx* or *calculus*, while in Germany, though now made of wood, it still keeps its old name of *stein*. Also the playing-board on which the stones were moved shares the name of the calculating-board, *ἄβαξ*, *abacus*. But if the classical varieties of backgammon in this way show traces of the game near its original state, they seem in another respect to have passed out of their

early simplicity. They are all played with dice, and indeed the French author lately mentioned seems right in guessing that the division of our board into groups of six points each was made on purpose to suit the throws of cubical dice like ours, numbered on all the sides, from 1 to 6. As to the early history of dice, I have elsewhere endeavoured to show (*Primitive Culture*, Chapter III.) that the origin of games of chance may be fairly looked for in instruments of the nature of lots, at first cast seriously by diviners for omens, and afterwards brought down from serious magic into mere sport. Now the simplest of such instruments is the lot which only falls two ways, like the shell, white on one side and blackened on the other, which Greek children spun up into the air to fall, "night or day," as they said; or like our halfpence tossed for "head or tail." Both in divination and in gambling, such two-faced lots probably came earlier than the highly artificial numbered dice. The kinds of backgammon now to be described seem in general to belong to the earlier stage of development, for it is with lots, not dice, that they are played.

The traveller in Egypt or Palestine now and then comes on a lively group sitting round a game, and in their eager shouts, if he knows some Arabic, he may distinguish not only such words as "two" or "four," but also "child," "dog," "Christian," "Moslem." On closer examination he finds that the game is called *táb*, and that it is a sort of backgammon played on an oblong chequer-board, or four rows of little holes in the ground, where bits of stone on one side and bits of red brick on the other do duty as draughts being shifted from place to place in the rows of squares or holes. Not dice, but lots are cast to regulate the moves; these lots are generally four slips of palm-stick, with a green outer side and a white cut side (called black and white) and when they are thrown against a stick set up in the ground, the throw

counts according to how many white sides come up, thus:—

Whites up :	None	One	Two	Three	Four.
Count :	6	1	2	3	4
	(go on)	(táb)	(stop)	(stop)	(go on)

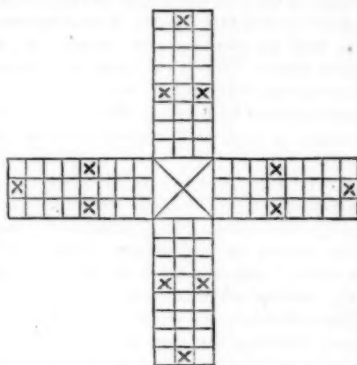
Notice particularly this way of counting throws, for its principles will be found again in lot backgammon elsewhere. There is evidently a crude attempt to reckon probabilities, giving a higher value to the less frequent throws of all four white and all four black, than to two or three white, which come up oftener. Beside the high count, they have the privilege of a second throw. This, if lot backgammon came first, and was succeeded by dice backgammon, would naturally pass into our rule of giving doubles another throw. The throw of one white, which is called "child," or *táb*, i.e. "game," has a special power, for only by it may a "dog," that is, a stone or draught, be moved out of its original place in the outer row, and set at liberty to circulate along the lines of squares or "houses," taking an enemy's dog if found alone in its house. While a draught is still in its first inactive useless condition, they call it a "Nazarene," or Christian, but when the throw of *táb* gives it the right to go forth conquering and to conquer, it becomes a "Moslem." It is not needful to go further into the rather complicated rules of moving and taking. Those who are curious may find much about it in Lane's *Modern Egyptians*, and in the quaintly learned little book *De Ludis Orientalibus*, by Thomas Hyde, who was Bodleian librarian in the reign of William and Mary. But one question suggests itself. Seeing how the modern Fellahs delight in *táb*, one naturally asks, Did they inherit it from the ancient Egyptians? From remote antiquity the Egyptians played draughts on earth, and after death their righteous souls still had the oblong chequer-board, and the men like chess-pawns, to

amuse their glorified but perhaps rather tiresome life in the world below. But, as Dr. Birch points out, no Egyptian dice have been found earlier than Roman times, nor any plain mention of backgammon. Even if they played like their descendants in the Nile Valley with such things as slips of palm, something about it should be found in the hieroglyphic texts. But at present nothing appears, and there is no reason to add backgammon to the long list of inventions whose earliest traces are found in Egypt. Perhaps the nearest relative of *táb* is Chinese backgammon, but this is played with dice.

Next, as to India. Here, since ancient times, cowrie-shells have been thrown as lots, their "head" and "tail" being according as the shell falls with mouth or back upward. In Sanskrit literature, there is an old mention of a game called *panchiká*, which was played with five cowries, and where it seems that the winning throws were when all the mouths came up or down, as against the commoner throws when some fell each way. That a game of the nature of backgammon was known in India from high antiquity has been plainly made out by Professor Weber. It was called *ayánaya*, or "luck and unluck;" or at any rate that was a term used as to the moving of the pieces, which travelled right and left through the squares, and took an undefended man from his place to begin his course anew. So, as a Sanskrit riddle has it, "In a house where there were many, there is left but one, and where there was none and many come, at last there is none. Thus Kála and Káli, casting day and night for their pair of dice, play with human beings for pieces on the board of the world." Putting these particulars together, it is clearly possible to trace from ancient times the game of *pachisi*, played in modern India, into which game it will now be necessary for our argument to go more exactly; in fact to qualify ourselves to sit down and play a game. English backgam-

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mon players will hardly take five minutes to learn it.



Suppose four players to be seated, each at the end of one arm of the diagram or board, of which a figure is here given. Each player will have four little wooden cones as his pieces or draughts, all of one colour, to distinguish them. If only two play, each will manœuvre two sets of men. Each player's men start one by one down the middle row of his own rectangle, beginning with the square next the central space, and thence they proceed all round the outside rows of the board, travelling from right to left (contrary to the sun) till they get back to their own central row, and up it home to where they started from, he who first gets all his men home winning the game. A solitary man is taken up and sent back to begin again, by one of his adversary's men lighting upon his square, except in the case of the twelve privileged squares, which are marked with a cross, in which case the overtaking piece cannot move. The moving is determined by throwing a number of cowries, which count according to how many fall mouth up; thus, if six cowries are used:—

Months up:	None	One	Two	Three	Four	Five	Six
Count:	6	10	2	3	4	25	12
	(go on)	(das)	(stop)	(stop)	(stop)	(pa-chisi)	(go on)

According to the rules kindly sent me from Dr. Rajendralala Mitra, of

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Calcutta, the throws of one-up or five-up (*das* or *pachisi*) alone can start a man on his first square, or get him off if stuck on his last square. These throws, as well as none-up and six-up, give a new throw. Thus the best beginnings are one-up followed by two-up, or five-up followed by four-up, either of which enters a man and carries him on in safety into a "fort." Seven cowries can also be used, but the primitive game was probably more like the ancient game with five cowries just mentioned, for the name *pachisi* means "five-and-twenty," and was no doubt taken from the throw when five shells come up. The principles of counting the throws and entering the men are plainly like those in the Arab game of *táb*, and there are Indian forms with only four cowries which come still closer.

Pachisi is a favourite game in India, and an eager player will carry rolled round in his turban the cloth which serves as a board, so as to be ready for a game at any moment. These cloths, when embroidered with the diagram in coloured silk, are quite artistic objects, and one does not often see prettier toys than a set of men in Mr. Franks's collection, little cones (or rather sugar-loaves) of rock crystal, with the colours they are to bear in the game shown by mounting in the top a ruby for red, an emerald for green, &c. There are even stories of yet more sumptuous games, where the board was a courtyard laid out in marble pavement, on which living draught-men clothed in green, red, yellow, and black, walked the circuit and hustled one another off the squares. Our Anglo-Indians sometimes catch the enthusiasm; and there is an oftentold tale of that official personage who, when he paid his native servants their wages, would sit down with them to a match at *pachisi*, and sometimes win his money back. In London toy-shops they sell board and pieces for what they profess to be the game, but these really belong to the modified form of it known in India as *châpur*, in which, instead of cowries, stick-dice numbered

on the four long sides are thrown, these Indian dice being in England replaced by our common cubical ones. This shows the change from lots to dice in games of the backgammon sort, and it is curious to notice how clearly the new rules for counting by the dice are modelled on the old rules for throws of cowries. Having now sufficiently mastered the peculiarities of *pachisi*, let us pass from Asia to America, and compare them with the details of the Mexican game of *patolli*.

When the Spanish invaders of Mexico gazed half in admiration and half in contempt on the barbaric arts and fashions of Aztec life, they particularly noticed a game, at which the natives played so eagerly, that when they lost all they had, they would even stake their own bodies, and gamble themselves into slavery, just as Tacitus says the old Germans used to do. The earliest particulars of the Mexican game come from Lopez de Gomara, whose *Istoria de las Indias* was printed in 1552, so that it must have been written while the memory of the conquest in 1521 was still fresh. He says, "Sometimes Montezuma looked on as they played at *patoliztli*, which is much like the game of tables, and is played with beans marked with lines like one-faced dice, which they call *patolli*. These they take between both hands, and throw them on a mat or on the ground, where there are certain lines like a chequer-board, on which they mark with stones the point which came up, taking off or putting on a little stone." This may be supplemented from three other old Spanish writers—Torquemada, Sahagun, and Duran. The figure on the mat is spoken of as "a painted cross full of squares like chequers," or as an "*aspa*," which word means a +, a Greek cross, the sails of a windmill, &c., descriptions which come as close as may be to the *pachisi*-board. Also, it appears that the stones moved on the board to mark the numbers thrown by the beans were of different colours, one account mentioning twelve stones, six

red and six blue, between the two players.

According as the game was played, three to five beans were thrown as lots or dice, and sometimes these beans were marked on one side with a hole and left plain on the other, while sometimes they seem to have had dots or lines indicating various numbers. If both ways were really used, then the game was known in both its stages, that of two-faced lots and that of numbered dice, just as in India it is played as pachisi with cowries, and as *châpur* with stick-dice. As to the way of scoring the throws only one of the old writers says anything. This is Diego Duran, an extract from whose MS. history I have obtained by the courtesy of Mr. Oak of the Bancroft Library at San Francisco. He says, as to the holes in the beans which showed how many squares were to be gained, that they were "if one, one, and if two, two, and if three, three, but marking five they were ten, and if ten, twenty." Thus in Mexico we just catch sight of the peculiar trick of scoring, everywhere so characteristic of the game, namely, the advantage given to the extreme throws, which in our own backgammon takes the form of allowing doubles to count twice over. Unluckily the thought had never crossed the minds of these early Spanish historians of the New World that their descriptions of the Aztec game would ever become evidence of use in tracing the lines along which civilization spread over the earth. Had they seen this they would have left us a perfect set of rules, not such careless mentions of a game which plainly they "did not understand." Still they saw enough of Montezuma's patolli to observe that it was in principle like their own game of tables, while clearly they had never heard of the Indian pachisi, or they would have seen how much closer its resemblance came to that. This touches a point in the history of the game. How did the Mexicans get it? The idea may have already occurred to

some readers of this essay, could not perhaps some stray Portuguese or Spaniard, having lately picked up the game of pachisi in some seaport of the East Indies, have taken his next voyage to the West Indies, and naturalized his newly-learned game on the mainland of America. But there is no room for a suggestion of this sort when it is remembered that patolli was an established diversion in Mexico at the time of the Spanish entry, which followed within three years of the first landing of Grijalva in the Gulf of Mexico, and indeed within five-and-twenty years of Colon's first sight of Hispaniola. What seems most likely is that the game came direct from Asia to America, reaching Mexico from the Pacific coast.

That the remarkable civilization of Mexico as the Spaniards found it was not entirely of native American growth, but had taken up ideas from Asia, is no new opinion. Alexander von Humboldt argued years ago that the Mexicans did and believed things which were at once so fanciful and so like the fancies of Asiatics that there must have been communication. Would two nations, he asks in effect, have taken independently to forming calendars of days and years by repeating and combining cycles of animals such as tiger, dog, ape, hare? would they have developed independently similar astrological fancies about these signs governing the periods they began, and being influential each over a particular limb or organ of men's bodies? would they, again, have evolved separately out of their consciousness the myth of the world and its inhabitants having at the end of several successive periods been destroyed by elemental catastrophes? In spite of Humboldt we often hear Mexican culture talked of as self-produced, with its bronze and gold work, its elaborate architecture and sculpture, its monastic and priestly institutions, its complicated religious rites and formulas. It was my fortune years ago to travel in Mexico and explore its wonderful ruins, and ever

since I have held to the view that the higher art and life of the whole Central American district is most rationally accounted for by a carrying across of culture from Asia. Thus it is now a peculiar pleasure to me to supplement Humboldt's group of arguments with a new one which goes on all-fours with them. It may very well have been the same agency which transported to Mexico the art of bronze-making, the computation of time by periods of dogs and apes, the casting of nativities, and the playing of backgammon. What that agency was one can as yet do no more than guess, but too much stress must not be laid on it in speculating on the mass migrations of the American races. Such matters as arts or games are easily carried from country to country; nor can we treat as inaccessible to Asiatic influences the Pacific coast of North America, where disabled junks brought across by the ocean current are from time to time drifted ashore, now and then with their crews alive. The Asiatic communication to be traced in the culture of the Aztec nation may not have been very ancient or extensive; all we can argue is that communication of some sort there was.

Now one thing leads to another, especially in ethnology. Curiously enough, by following up the traces of this trivial little game, we get an unexpected glimpse into the history of the ruder North American tribes. Having learnt about patolli as played in old Mexico, let us take up the account of a Jesuit missionary, Father Joseph Ochs, who was in Spanish America in 1754-68, and who is here writing about the tribes of Sonora and Chihuahua. "Instead of our cards they have slips of reed or bits of wood a thumb wide and near a span long, on which, as on a tally, different strokes are cut and stained black. These they hold fast in the hand, lift them up as high as they can, and let them drop on the ground. Whichever then has most strokes or eyes for him wins the stake. This game is as bad as the

notorious hazard. They call it *patole*. As it is forbidden on pain of blows, they choose for it a place in the bush, but the clatter of these bits of wood has discovered me many a hidden gamester. To play more safely they would spread a cloak or carpet so as not to be betrayed by the noise." Here, then, is found, toward a thousand miles north-west of the city of Mexico, a game which may be described as patolli without the counters, and which still bears the Aztec name, in a district whose language is not Aztec, so that the proof of its having travelled from Mexico seems complete. The people being less intellectual than the old Mexicans, have dropped the skilful part of the game and are content with the mere dicing. Nor, by the way, is this the only place where backgammon has so come down, for in Egypt they will lay aside the board and throw the *táb-sticks* for fun, those who throw four and six being proclaimed Sultan and Vezir, while the luckless thrower of two gets for his reward two cuts with the palm-stick on the soles of his feet.

Yet another fifteen hundred miles or more up into the continent the game is still to be traced. Among the hunting tribes known under the common name of the North American Indians, there is a favourite sport described by a score of writers under the name of "game of the bowl," or "game of plumstones." The lots used are a number of plumstones burnt on one side to blacken them, or any similar double-convex pieces of wood, horn, &c. They are either thrown by hand or shaken in a bowl or dish, whence they can be neatly jerked up and let fall on the blanket spread to play on. The counting depends upon how many come up of either colour, white or black, as is seen in the precise rules given by Mr. Morgan in his *League of the Iroquois*. Where six "peach-stones" were thrown, if all six came up, white or black, they counted five, and five up, white or black, counted one, these high throws also giving the player a

new turn, but all lower throws counted nothing and passed the lead. It is so curious to find the principle of lot-scoring, which we have tracked all across from Egypt, cropping up so perfectly among the Iroquois, that at the risk of being tedious it is worth while to give in full the mode of counting in the game as played with eight "deer-buttons." The following top line shows how many black or white sides up, with their count below—

Eight	Seven	Six	Five	Four	Three	Two	One	None
20	4	2	0	0	0	2	4	20
go on			stop			go on		

In these games there is no board to play on. The Iroquois use beans as counters, the game being won by one player getting all the beans, but perhaps the white men taught them how to do this. So with the game which will occur to English readers who remember it in *Hiawatha*, where it is described at full length in prose-poetry as "the game of bowl and counters, *pugasawig* with thirteen pieces." This game is real enough, indeed the description of it is taken from Schoolcraft's *Indian Tribes*. But there seem to be no early mentions of this Algonquin game with its ducks and war-clubs and elaborate counting, nor of the Dakota game with tortoises and war-eagles on the plumstones. Thus both may have been lately devised by Indians under European teaching, as improvements on the original *pugasawig* or "play," which was the simple game with black and white-sided plumstones, or the like. This, no doubt, is old, for it is described by the Jesuit Missionaries in 1636 under the name of *jeu de plat*, as a regular sport among the Hurons; and as they clearly did not learn the game from Europe, we are left to argue that it reached them from Asia, very likely through Mexico.

It remains to glance at what may be learnt as to the history of the North American Indians from the fact of their gambling with the bowl and plumstones. It is an interesting ques-

tion whether "the poor Indian, whose untutor'd mind" has now and then been too easily credited with the invention of all the arts and beliefs he did not get from the white men, may not really before this have largely taken up in his culture ideas of Old World growth. It has long been noticed that looking at the native tribes of what is now the United States and the Dominion of Canada, the tribes on the east side had taken to making pottery and cultivating maize, while the tribes on the west had not, which seems as though there had been a flow or drift of civilization from the Central American district up the eastern half of the continent, which of itself ought to be enough to prevent any ethnologists from looking at the so-called Red-man of New England or the Lakes as the creator of his whole industrial and social life. Nor is it an unknown thing that the myth and religion of the North American tribes contain many fancies well known to Asia, which the men of the prairies were hardly likely to have hit upon independently, but which they certainly did not learn from the white men, who did not even know them. If we are bound, as I think we are, to open a theoretical road for even a well-marked game to migrate by from Asia into America, then there are plenty of other matters waiting for passage along the route. By such conveyance of ideas it may be easiest to explain why the so-called Indians of North America shared with the real Indians of India the quaint belief that the world is a monstrous tortoise floating on the waters, or why the Sioux Indians share with the Tatars the idea that it is sinful to chop or poke with a sharp instrument the burning logs on the fire. But these considerations lead too far into the deepest-lying problems of the connexion and intercourse of nations to be here pursued farther. It is remarkable, too, how vast a geographical range the argument on the migrations of a game may cover. The American farmer now

whiles away the winter evening in his farmhouse parlour with a hit at backgammon, on the spot where not long since the Iroquois played peach-stones in his bark hut. Neither would have recognized the other's sport as akin to his own, though when we trace them through the intermediate stages they are seen to be both birds of one nest. It is by strangely different routes that they have at last come together from their Asiatic home—one perhaps eastward through Asia, across the Pacific,

into Mexico, and northward to the St. Lawrence; the other no doubt westward down to the Mediterranean, up northward to England, over the Atlantic, and so out into the American prairie.¹

EDWARD B. TYLOR.

¹ For special details, copies of original documents, &c., see a paper by the author "On the Game of Patolli in Ancient Mexico, and its probably Asiatic Origin," read before the Anthropological Institute on April 9, 1878.

NUPTURA.

HUSH! let me hear of love no more
Till grief has had her rightful day;
Must I not count my treasure o'er
Before I give it all away?

Sweet home! from every field and tree
Breathes all my past of joys and tears;
The store of lifelong memory,
The voiceless love of twenty years.

My father's sigh, with smiles above,
The tear my mother lets not fall,
My brother's heart, so sore with love—
Can I alone then heal them all?

To love and heal, one little hour!
To loose and lift each clinging root;
To pour the scent of my last flower
On those who shall not see my fruit:

One little hour! my woman's eyes
With childhood's dying tears are dim:
Love calls me: I shall soon arise,
And bid farewell, and follow him!

O.

THE BIRMINGHAM LIBERAL ASSOCIATION AND ITS ASSAILANTS,

In an article published in this magazine (February, 1877) I described in detail the organisation of the Birmingham Liberal Association. Associations of a similar character now exist in about one hundred localities; and many others are in course of formation. No less an authority than Mr. Gladstone has unreservedly endorsed the principle on which they are based.

"In Birmingham an organisation has been adopted which I venture to say is admirable. It is sound; it is just; it is liberal; it is popular. The Liberal organisation is accompanied by no test. There is no test of money subscription; because it is perfectly well known that there are many men—good, true, useful men—who can subscribe time and thought and heart and purpose, but who cannot subscribe money. They do not shut them out. Neither is there any test of opinion. A man is not bound by the Birmingham plan to subscribe to any list of political articles. That has been one of the rocks upon which we have split. At Birmingham, you know, they are tolerably advanced men in their opinions, but they do not attempt to exclude the man who is moderate."¹

On the other hand, the gravest possible charges are urged, with an almost angry vehemence, against the whole system.² English Liberalism is called upon, in no measured terms, to rise in revolt. Not only (is it contended) will the English constitution be doomed to perversion, should it prevail, but the existence of that individual liberty and individual responsibility, "without which no man can be good, or wise, or strong, or happy," will be seriously threatened. A general organisation of Liberal associations

of the Birmingham type through the country will—if the critics are to be believed—result in the political, and even in the personal, degradation of the people of England.

It is admitted as frankly as any opponent can desire that a party triumph is not worth gaining at the expense of the integrity and fullness of the national life. The defence of the Liberal Association is, that it absolutely and unreservedly depends for its whole strength upon the activity of political thought, and the purity and independence of political character.

Its life is not produced by its machinery; its machinery is the expression of its life. Its organisation is so free and open, and so dependent upon voluntary work, that in the hands of an enslaved and debased population it would fall to pieces. Any town copying the Birmingham method, without at the same time attending to the political and general education of its people, and cherishing some enthusiasm for righteousness and truth in national affairs, will find that it will not work. The purpose of a Liberal Association is as strangely misconceived as the source of its power is miscalculated, when it is solely connected with the cry for party organisation, "always heard in this country immediately before and after a general election," and criticised merely as an attempt to improve the electoral machinery.

A Liberal Association is a method by which those who believe in human progress, in the sense of believing in the possibility of removing heavy burdens and ancient wrongs, and lessening the terrible amount of existing ignorance, disease, pauperism, and crime, can take counsel together; come to an agreement as to their nearest

¹ Speech of Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, Nottingham, September 27, 1877.

² See "Political Clubs and Party Organisation," by W. Fraser Rae, *The Nineteenth Century*, May; "The Caucus and its Consequences," by E. D. J. Wilson, *The Nineteenth Century*, October, 1878; "The Caucus System and the Liberal Party," by George Howell, *The New Quarterly Magazine*, October, 1878.

duty; and give their decisions practical effect in the legislation of their town and country. In its activities a Liberal Association is essentially educational. It calls meetings both of men and women in every ward, at which great social and national questions are brought home to the mind and conscience of the community. The services it demands from its members are incessant. They have to meet their fellow citizens in the poorest and the most prosperous districts of the town alike, and give them the best information they can regarding the conditions of health, the characteristics of a good education, the meaning of Acts of Parliament, the principles of good government, and the history of their country. One critic dwells upon "the educating effect of the busy period preceding a general election;" and connects this with the coming forward when a general election is at hand of rival candidates who "exhibit to the constituency every phase of opinion in speeches, pamphlets, and newspaper articles." The "educating effect" of a Liberal Association (to put aside the practical difficulty of deciding between the claims of rival candidates of the same party at the eleventh hour) is far broader, more generous, and more thoughtful. It encourages the study of Liberal principles when the personal claims of individual representatives are in abeyance.

Its work is not confined to the few weeks elapsing between the dissolution of Parliament and the election. The various measures advocated by different sections of Liberals are talked over and thought out, and fall into some kind of order of relative importance. The constituency is protected against the power of a mere "cry," and can act calmly and judiciously when the decisive hour of choice arrives. The "sifting process" is put in force as between principles and principles, and only by the methods of argument and suasion. Curiously enough, the critic who places such special stress upon the educational

value of the period when electioneering agents are actually in the field, plying all the arts of their craft, complains that the action of Liberal Associations will strike a "sharp line between parties, and a line drawn, not by real and natural differences of principle, but by the controversy that may be best twisted into a cry." The eve of an election is the very time when the extremest and most incisive party issues are urged with every emphasis personal ambitions and sectional jealousies can add.

A Liberal Association does not leave political education to take care of itself until voters are summoned to the poll. Its energies are employed in spreading a knowledge of the principles of Liberalism, that when occasion calls an intelligent vote may be given. Nothing can play the game of mere partisans better than the slumber of Liberal men between election and election.

The Liberal Association is charged, however, with crushing out individuality of character in public life and extinguishing the free discussion and competitive examination of opinions before elections. It is forgotten when this accusation is made that a Liberal Association has no "platform" made up of the "planks" of doctrinaire propositions. It has no creed of Liberalism to which its members must subscribe. Whoever esteems himself a "Liberal" can join, without offence to his own conscience or the consciences of others. Not only can any "Liberal" join, but there is never any attempt to limit the right of free speech. Every Liberal has the opportunity of persuading his fellow member if he can, that he is right in his interpretation of the principles of Liberalism. The ward meetings at which the officers are chosen are public meetings of Liberals. If a man does not hold his opinions with sufficient earnestness to address an audience, although he may fear that it may prove unfriendly, in the hope of changing their convictions,

he refuses to take the only method by which truth can be advanced, and he must be content to see his principles left out in the cold until they can touch nobler lips with their fire.

Should he speak and fail to persuade, the Association that offers the opportunity of speech is still his best friend. He can return year after year to his task, and should he continue all his days a prophet crying in the wilderness, he may mourn the depth of human folly, but so long as he can obtain a fair hearing he has no injustice of which to complain. The real question at issue, however, does not relate to simple membership of the Association—it is impossible to frame regulations that would make that more open than it is—but to the selection of representatives. Will not the members of a Liberal Association select as their own officers and as candidates to represent them in Parliament and elsewhere Liberals of one type only, to the exclusion of all variety of opinion, and to the destruction of individuality of mental and personal character? Will not the rights of minorities be infringed by such a course, and the direct consequence be a "great exacerbation of party spirit, and a deplorable loss of variety and fertility in the dominant Liberalism of the day?"

My reply may be summed up in a sentence:—*A minority has no right to thwart a majority in determining the course of Liberal policy.* The meaning of a great mass of criticism of the Liberal Association is that a minority ought to be placed in a position to prevent the thorough and complete carrying out of measures which the majority believe of advantage to their country. As long as a question upon which Liberal opinion is divided is without the range of immediate practical legislation, no differences of opinion ought to exclude any man from any office for which a Liberal Association nominates candidates.

When the majority have decided that legislation is imperatively de-

manded in one given direction, no Liberal Association ought to decline the services of Liberals who take the opposite view in positions which are not directly affected by the special question at issue. But no member of a minority has the slightest right to demand that he should occupy an office in which he can harass and impede the work the majority have resolved to undertake. The duty of men in a minority is to persuade others that their opinions are just and right; the absence of any test in a Liberal Association presents a fair opportunity. Should they succeed, the Association is in their hands; but failure constitutes no title to positions which would enable them to reverse the decisions of their fellow members. Take the Eastern Question: during the past twelve months the decision between peace and war has trembled in the balance. The slightest hesitancy in the national protest against war might have brought it to our doors. A minority in a Liberal Association opposed to Mr. Gladstone's Eastern policy could have no right at such a crisis to select a candidate for a vacant seat in Parliament on the ground that if their views were not represented there would be a "deplorable loss of variety and fertility in the dominant Liberalism of the day!" There are periods in the history of our country in which the House of Commons cannot be looked upon as a debating club, which fulfils its functions when varying "views" find a fit expression. The happiness of our race hangs largely upon its decisions. It can inflict awful miseries or lighten the grievous burdens under which so many of our people groan. Those Liberals who have political convictions have a higher duty than to devise subtle and intricate methods for the expression of a variety of conflicting opinions. They are bound to select representatives who will support the definite measures they believe to be immediately necessary for the peace and prosperity of the land.

Criticisms of the Birmingham Association are full of allusions to "wire-pullers" and "machine men," who are supposed to concentrate in their hands all its authority and to dictate all its decisions.

If the Liberals of Birmingham are overridden by tyrants they have the remedy in their own hands. At the open ward meetings they can pass any resolutions they choose.

Does it not strike the critics that it is a curious and altogether novel kind of tyranny that endures when it can be so readily overthrown? We are told that these meetings are "a sham appeal to the electorate." What constitutes the "sham"? The meetings are amply advertised; the doors are thrown open; no tickets of admission are issued; they are held in public places and at convenient times. The voting for those who are nominated for office is open, and any one present may make a nomination.

If such meetings as these are "a sham," in what way is it possible to summon any meeting whatever of human beings to which that offensive epithet shall not be equally applicable?

The reply is that "these meetings fall inevitably into the hands of the professional politicians. A few energetic persons, who know what it is to pull the wires effectively, appear at these gatherings with a sufficient contingent of followers, and obtain the sanction of 'popular election' for the 'tickets' they promptly propose."¹

I cannot regard it as "inevitable" that the inhabitants of a great town, and the citizens of a great nation, should cease to take an interest in public affairs. Supposing that tendency to exist, the annual calling of a public meeting is the best method of counteracting it. To dispense with the meeting will be to perpetuate the evil. As regards "the professional politicians," who and what are they in any English town?

Offices of emolument fall vacant so

¹ "The Caucus and its Consequences," *The Nineteenth Century*, p. 702, Oct. 1878.

slowly and accidentally, and at such irregular intervals, that no class of professional politicians systematically labouring to secure their reversion can be found. The Birmingham Liberal Association employs a secretary and two or three clerks. Its work is *not* done by an army of paid canvassers, but by its own members, who voluntarily devote themselves to its service as occasions arise. It retains no lawyers. Without the goodwill of the Liberal population of the town it would be helpless. Possibly some inhabitant of a ward may desire to become a member of the Town Council. It is an honourable ambition,—and is it fair to conclude that a man who is disposed to sacrifice the amount of time and labour the Town Council requires will at once proceed to pack the meeting? Should he do so, and obtain the sanction of a supposed "popular election" which was a "sham," he would discover his mistake to his cost on the polling-day. The amount of hard and earnest *voluntary service* which must be rendered by the members of a Liberal Association to ensure success in any contested election is a sufficient answer to the charge that its vitality may be resolved into the effective wire-pulling of a few energetic persons.

It is admitted that those who now "run the machine" at Birmingham and Bradford and elsewhere are anxious to nominate committees of respectable men. "But," it is asked, "when the machine is in full working order, what guarantee have we that it will not be 'captured' by a different order of men?" The question is dictated by the extraordinary assumption that "the machine" would retain the same amount of power in the hands of dishonourable as of honourable men. Take away from a Liberal Association, based upon a direct appeal to the people and dependent upon voluntary service, the love of liberty and the passion of humanity, the whole thing would collapse ignominiously and fatally.

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Elections have been won in Birmingham by meeting the people face to face and placing before them the principles of just government. Men of the highest education and character, magistrates and ministers of religion, as well as hard-working men who have learnt the lessons of life in the struggle with poverty, have regarded "politics" as including everything conducive to social well-being, and have declared from a hundred platforms the faith that has been in them. The enthusiasm and self-devotion which have found their expression in a Liberal organisation cannot be "captured" like a machine. Were the offices of the Birmingham Association occupied by a band of selfish tricksters determined to use its resources for their own interests, what would happen? The spoils of war would not be great. They would find a few canvassing books, minute-books, and lists of the committees of the Association. No large balance at the bank would be won as prize-money. The services of a clerk or two would be at their disposal, nothing more. They might summon committees; committees would not come. They might ask honourable men to speak on their behalf; honourable men would refuse. They might decree decrees; no one would obey. The opponents of the Liberal Association have been entirely misled by analogies drawn from America, where the regular and systematic change in the occupants of offices of pecuniary value which occurs after every Presidential election, and affects the inhabitants of every town and village, has resolved the "caucus" into a machine which will act without regard to public opinion.

Another critic fears that the demands made by the Birmingham system will throw the conduct of its affairs into the hands of the least qualified men. While the beneficed clergyman, or the successful medical man, or lawyer, or merchant, "cannot devote any time to the working of complicated political machinery," "the clergyman who has neither flock to tend nor

church to fill; the doctor who is unable to get patients; the barrister who is never intrusted with briefs; the solicitor whose office is shunned by clients; the merchant and the manufacturer who fail in business can afford to devote their idle hands to politics as an avocation."¹

If service of the Liberal Association only meant the supervision of a piece of complicated political machinery, with the sole end of placing Mr. A instead of Mr. B in a certain office, the fear might be justified.

When, however, the opportunity is offered of promoting the healthfulness, the education, the civilisation of the town, the experience of Birmingham proves that the willingness of the ablest men to undertake the work is proportionate to its importance.

Ask a slight service, and a busy man will find himself too much engaged to undertake it; show him how he can largely and nobly benefit the community, and he will find a place for it in the day's work. Only when great demands are made do men themselves know the extent of the sacrifices they are capable of making for the public good.

Yet here again an objection is taken:—

"The Birmingham Caucus controls not only the nomination of candidates for the Parliamentary representation, but for the Town Council, the School Board, and the Board of Guardians. Why, it may be asked, should a body chosen to give expression to the political voice of the borough meddle with the selection of representatives whose duty it is to decide between rival schemes of drainage and lighting, or to appoint schoolmasters and school-mistresses, and to build schools or to strike an equitable balance between indoor and outdoor relief?"²

"The answer—and it is an ominous one—is:—That all this power must be consolidated in the hands of the political managers who have secured the majority of the votes in order that 'the party' may be strengthened."

It is not just to judge everything connected with the Liberal Association as though it were a device of "managers"

¹ *The Nineteenth Century*, No. xv. p. 924.

² *Ibid.* No. xx. p. 703.

wanting to strengthen "a party." To make arrangements with respect to sanitary affairs, matters as they are of life and death to thousands, to education, and the relief of the poor, merely in the interests of a party majority, would be disgraceful. No words could be strong enough to condemn any "managers" who, in dealing with the disease and ignorance and pauperism of their town, should have any other ends in view than its healthfulness, its education, and the relief of its suffering. Mr. Wilson evolves the answer he calls "ominous" out of his own consciousness. The Liberal Association nominates through its committees a certain number of candidates for the School Board, the Board of Guardians, and the Town Council, because it is believed that the best men to discharge the duties of these respective offices will be most easily selected by its agency, and their return most effectually secured. Those who are called "*Liberals*" are in sympathy with all the great reforms which have marked the history of the century, and may therefore be fairly expected to govern local affairs with generous breadth of sympathy, freedom from narrow sectional and sectarian prejudices, and largeness of aim and purpose.

This position may be sound or unsound—it indicates at least the motives which have prompted the action of the Association.

No one maintains that *all* its opponents are to be excluded from public life. The Association aims undoubtedly at returning strong working majorities of Liberals on the public bodies of the town. Local accidents and incidents must determine their precise numbers, but without such majorities it would prove as difficult successfully to complete the great schemes of public improvement now in course of execution as it would have been impossible originally to have adopted them. The fact that so few Conservatives have, at present, seats on the Birmingham Town Council is not consequent upon any formal decision that no Conservative shall ever be permitted to hold

office. No such conclusion has ever been reached, and the charge of intolerance based upon its supposed existence has no justification.

The explanation must be sought in the personal peculiarities of rival candidates and the introduction of tactics having direct reference to the approaching Parliamentary contest.

Mr. G. Howell condemns the Association as aiming a blow at that "freedom of election which is an inherent principle of our representative system," under which a man has a "right to offer himself as a candidate" if the requisite number of electors will nominate him and a sum of money be deposited sufficient to cover the legal costs of an election. What is meant I presume is that when the majority of the members of the Liberal party have decided upon a candidate it is more difficult for the nominee of any section to divide the constituency with a chance of winning in the confusion. I fail to see why a constituency should not protect itself against divisions which can only ruin the Liberal cause; and I equally fail to understand in what way freedom is violated by a candidate's submission to the will of the majority of his party. So far from the direct results of the scheme being "to lower the standard of Parliamentary representation and reduce the measure of value of all public acts to a purely local gauge," it acts in the opposite direction. By accustoming the constituency to discuss large questions of public policy it creates a demand for a capable representative. A Liberal Association is the one great enemy of "petty local ambitions, personal jealousies, and factional strife."

Such passions have their freest scope when there is no organisation; and contests for office are reduced to scrambles, while the education of the people in political principle is neglected. The first great demand of a Liberal Association upon its members is that the interests of Liberal principles shall be paramount. When the decision of the majority is taken, mere petty personalities have infinitely

less chance of asserting themselves than when they move within the narrow "rings" of isolated sections.

The wealthy employers of a host of electioneering agents and the representatives of special "interests" have a much better chance of "assuming" authority and riding rough-shod over a whole borough than any men, however few or active, who depend for their power upon public meetings which occur at regular intervals, and are open to Liberals of every type. "The reign of a system of repression" can hardly be inaugurated by a system which gives effect to the decision of the majority, but at the same time, does not pledge its members to any Liberal creed as valid for all circumstances and all times; and leaves each question to be decided upon its own merits as occasion demands.

I must leave almost unnoticed the strange mistakes upon matters of fact which occur in the various attacks upon the Birmingham system. The fact will, sooner or later, assert itself. Suffice it to say that there could have been no "abuse of power by the Liberal Six Hundred," with reference to the manner in which the seats on the governing board of a local charity "were filled up," simply because the Liberal Six Hundred had nothing whatever to do with the appointments, and were not consulted on the matter. No "protest" therefore could possibly be made or was made against any "abuse of power" on the part of the Association.¹

Another critic retains the word "caucus" for the Birmingham system, "since (he writes) it conveys the idea of secrecy and irresponsibility, and practically, if not in theory, the 'grand Committees,' once elected, become secret and irresponsible." The fact is that the whole Birmingham system is a *system of responsible committees*. Every committee it has is directly responsible to a constituency; and not only directly responsible, but com-

pelled to meet its constituency at least once a year.

As a rule reporters are admitted to the meetings of the "Six Hundred." Of necessity some matters relating to the conduct of elections must be discussed in private; it would be absurd to give opponents all the local information possessed by the committee—but it is not too much to say that every point of public importance is discussed in the presence of the press. The Association receives somewhat hard treatment when it is christened by a name which connotes ideas at variance alike with its constitution and its method of action.

Between the system of Liberal Associations and its assailants the Liberals of England must judge. In Birmingham, by its aid, the great sum of human misery has been distinctly lessened. By the organisation of the Liberal Association the representatives of the people have gained sufficient power to close poisonous wells and substitute a supply of fresh water, thereby saving the lives of thousands; to insist on the removal of intolerable nuisances, and to sweep away whole blocks of houses unfit for the habitation of beasts. Sectarianism has been banished from the noble public schools, in which education has found at last a not unworthy home. At the same time the keenest interest in national affairs has been awakened throughout the whole population, and something has been done to strengthen the ties that ought to bind Englishmen to England. No one is foolish and vain enough to pretend that the system is perfect, or that it will work without the wear and tear to which all human agencies are subject. But it is contended that if Liberal Associations, on a broad popular basis, could be formed through the length and breadth of the land, reforms laden with the noblest blessings for our people would be effected within a few years, instead of being delayed for a century to come.

¹ See "The Caucus and the Liberal Party," *The New Quarterly Magazine*, No. xxi. p. 581.

OUR ARMY IN INDIA.

THE English army is unlike that of any other country in the world. So far as Europe is concerned, we do not require it for either offensive or defensive purposes. It is otherwise, however, as regards our colonies, and more particularly so as regards that vast Empire in the East which, rightly or wrongly, we have acquired; and which, for its own sake as well as for ours, we are bound to defend against external enemies, and keep in subjection as regards internal foes. Our army in India has work to perform and a mission to accomplish such as has never yet fallen to the lot of any force in the world. Its history has been a wonder to all civilised people. Whether we turn over the pages which tell us how units conquered tens of the natives in the days of Clive; or whether we remember how, in the great Indian Mutiny of 1857, a mere handful of Englishmen crushed out a rebellion in which the rebels were soldiers armed and trained by ourselves; the result of our fighting and campaigning in that country seems always to have been the same. It is difficult to say whether the individual courage of our officers and men in the East, or the combination of generals and leaders in achieving the results we see, are most to be praised. One thing is, however certain, viz., that when our army in India is mentioned, no Englishman need be ashamed of this chapter in our history; and that the more the details of our wars in the East are known, the greater reason we have to be proud of what our countrymen can accomplish under every sort of difficulty.

It must not, however, be forgotten that our army in India is composed of native as well as of English soldiers. About 130,000 belong to the former

class, and nearly 60,000 to the latter; making a grand total of 190,000 effective men. The history, as well as the actual condition and discipline of these two nationalities in our Eastern forces, are perfectly distinct. Let us commence, therefore, with an account of the origin of our sepoy army, the history of which extends over about one hundred and twenty years, in two unequal epochs, viz., from 1756 to 1857—the date of the great Indian Mutiny—and from 1857 to the present time.

Our first native regiments were raised in that part of southern India now called the Madras Presidency, at the time when England and France were contending there for supreme dominion. In those days the sepoys were few in number, and were used only as a kind of reserve to the English forces in the field. By degrees, they proved themselves worthy of a more prominent place on the battle-field, and were soon intrusted with the post of danger in the front. It is a matter of history how they fought at Madura; how well they behaved in the defence of Arcot; how they crossed bayonets at Cuddalore with some of the best troops of France. After the affair of the Black Hole of Calcutta, Clive determined to raise sepoy regiments for Bengal; and these showed at Plassey and on other battle-fields that they were in no respects inferior to their Madras brethren. In his well-known *History of the Sepoy War in India*, Sir John Kaye thus speaks of that army which, in the days he writes of, was but newly-formed:—

“That the Bengal sepoy was an excellent soldier, was freely declared by men who had seen the best troops of the European powers. Drilled and disciplined in all essential points after the English model, the native soldier was

not called upon to divest himself of all the distinctive marks of his race. Nothing that his creed abhorred, or his caste rejected was forced upon him by his Christian masters. He lived apart, cooked apart, ate apart, after the fashion of his tribe. No one grudged him his necklace, his earrings, the caste mark on his forehead, or the beard which lay upon his breast. He had no fear of being forcibly converted to the religion of the white men, for he could not see that the white men had any religion to which they could convert him. There was no interference from the Adjutant-General's office, no paper Government, no perpetual reference to order-books bristling with innovations; and so he was happy and contented, obedient to the officers who commanded him, and faithful to the country he served."¹

This, then, may be said to be the birth of the Bengal army. For a period of forty years, viz., from 1756 to 1796, the native army in India remained as it was when first raised. The English officers in each battalion were but five in number; and, as we are told by Sir John Kaye, a great deal of subsidiary authority still remained with the black officers. In 1796 a change for the better was inaugurated throughout the Company's troops. The British adventurer, or soldier of fortune, who had worked his way to India no one knew how, and had taken service under the Company because he could not otherwise go through the process of what was called "shaking the pagoda tree;" gradually left the Indian army, and was replaced by a different class of men, more or less educated at home for their Indian career. Cadetships in the Company's service were looked upon as an excellent provision for younger sons. The pension system was introduced; officers rose in the service by seniority; the sepoy regiments were numbered. Each regiment consisted of two battalions, and something like an *esprit de corps*

prevailed throughout the service. In a word, the native army became more and more Europeanised. Although it must be confessed that if in some respects it was less rough than it had formerly been, it was not the less ready. At this period, and until the present century was twelve or fourteen years old, the army of India may be said to have attained the greatest perfection; and we cannot do better than describe the sepoy of this time in the words of Sir John Kaye:—

"When he became a soldier he did not cease to be a civilian; he severed no family ties; he abandoned no civil rights; he was not the outcast, but the stay and the pride of his house. He visited his home at stated times; he remitted to it a large part of his pay. It was a decorous boast in many families that generation after generation had eaten the Company's salt. Often indeed, in one household you might see the Past, the Present, and Future of this coveted military service. There was the ancient pensioner under the shade of the banyan tree in his native village, who had stories to tell of Laurence, Coote, and Meadows; of battles fought against the French; of the long war with Hyder; and the later struggles with his son. There was the sepoy on furlough from active service, in the prime of his life, who had his stories to tell of the "great lord's" brother, the younger Wellesley; of Harris and Baird; perhaps of "Bek-run Sahib," and Egypt, and how "Lich Sahib,"² the fine old man, when provisions were scarce in the camp, had ridden through the lines eating dry pulse for his dinner. And there was the bright-eyed, supple-limbed, quick-witted boy who looked forward with eager expectancy to the time when he would be permitted to take his father's place and serve under some noted leader. It was no vain delusion, no trick of our self-love, to believe in such pictures as these. The Company's sepoys had a genuine pride in

¹ Kaye's *History of the Sepoy War in India*, vol. i. p. 205.

² Meaning "Lake Sahib," otherwise Lord Lich.

their colours, and the classes from which they were drawn rejoiced in their connection with the paramount state. It was honourable service, sought by the very flower of the people, and to be dismissed from it was a heavy punishment and a sore disgrace."¹

In the second decade of the present century—say from 1810 to 1822—the Native Army of India had not as yet been too much Europeanised. The mania for uniformity between English soldiers and Hindostanee sepoys had not then been pushed to the extreme which the folly of certain generals and commanders-in-chief required at a later date. No doubt the officers who commanded our native troops were aliens in race, nationality, and creed. But they managed to make their sepoys trust in them, and they looked upon India as their only home, and on regimental duty as their only means of distinction. Though the natives of India regarded their English conquerors as the dominant power, they were the best masters who had yet ruled over the country. In 1817 the Maharatta power finally broke down, and the British reigned undisputed in their stead over a great part of the peninsula.

To assert that an army or a nation has deteriorated may be to say a harsh thing. We must use the word only with reference to the particular work the Indian army has to do. If Australian settlers or Ceylon coffee-planters were to adopt the habits of London life they would certainly become less fit for their special work. It was so with our native army in India. The second quarter of the nineteenth century was a period of reform for the civil government, but it had an evil influence on the English officers of sepoy corps. Intercourse with England became easier and English customs common. The British captain or subaltern cared less for the natives he commanded and began to see little of them except on

parade or other duty. Sir John Kaye says—"Increased facilities for intercourse with Europe gave a European complexion to society. English books, English news, above all, English gentlemen, made their way freely and rapidly to India. The overland mail bringing news scarcely more than a month old of the last new European revolution, the book-club yielding its stores of light literature as fresh as is commonly obtained from circulating libraries at home; and an avatar of fair young English maidens, with the bloom of the Western summer on their cheeks, yielded attractions beside which the gossip of the lines and the feeble garrulity of the old sonbahdar were very dreary and fatiguing. Little by little the sepoy officer shook out the folds of his orientalism."²

Outside the regimental cantonment other influences were gradually weakening the attachment between the native soldier and his English officer. From 1822 to 1838—the date of the commencement of the first Afghan war—several great provinces had been practically incorporated with British India. For all these new possessions civil administrators were wanted, but the Civil Service could not supply half the new demand. The most intelligent officers of the native army were nominated to fill many of the administrative and political posts. With the increase of territory new surveys had to be carried out and new public works undertaken. The management of these different departments was vested in the officers of sepoy regiments. These duties, and the claims of an immense augmented army staff, in time took away nearly every officer of intelligence who could pass an examination in one or other of the native languages from regimental duties, and it became almost a reproach for a military man in the Company's service to remain on duty with his corps. Those who did so looked upon their work as a nuisance and a bore, and were anxious to follow their more

¹ Kaye's *History of the Sepoy War in India*, vol. i. pp. 254, 255.

² Kaye's *History of the Sepoy War in India*, vol. i. p. 260.

fortunate comrades to employment which was more lucrative, and thought more honourable than drill, guard-mounting, or the payment of native soldiers. The sepoys were not slow to feel the change. The old interest and intimacy between commanders and soldiers had, in a great measure, come to an end. A large amount of red-tapeism had been imported into Hindostan from the precincts of the Horse Guards. Colonels of sepoy regiments were no longer all-powerful in their corps. They could no longer settle disputes according to their own wisdom or experience. The smallest event out of the common had to be referred to the officer commanding the brigade, and from him through the General of Division at Calcutta, Madras, or Bombay. To make things worse, the higher commands in India were almost invariably given to Queen's officers, most of whom knew nothing of the country or of the native soldiery.¹ It almost seemed as if some underhand influence were at work with the object of making the native army discontented with the present and useless for the future.

Casual readers of the military history of India often fancy that the Mutiny of 1857 was unprecedented. That it was so in magnitude is happily true; but other insurrections, refusals to obey legitimate authority, and attempts to subvert the power of the military commanders, had happened at various times and in various parts of both the Madras and the Bengal Presidencies. In 1822 the 6th Madras Cavalry mutinied at Arcot, and in 1824 the 47th Bengal Native Infantry at Barrackpore refused to embark for Rangoon; in 1844 the 34th Bengal Infantry at

Ferozepore refused to march to Scinde and the 64th Bengal Infantry mutinied at Umballa unless their pay and allowances were increased. In 1845 the 6th Madras Native Cavalry mutinied at Jubbulpore; and the 47th Madras Native Infantry mutinied when ordered to Scinde. In 1849-50 several regiments of Bengal Native Infantry stationed in the Punjab either broke into open rebellion or were prepared to do so. Speaking of Sir Charles Napier's tour of inspection of the principal military stations in the Northern Provinces of India in 1849, Sir John Kaye says, "at Delhi, the Commander-in-Chief found unmistakable signs of a confederation of many regiments determined not to serve in the Punjab except on the higher pay. One regiment there, warned for service beyond the Sutlej, declared its intention not to march, but it was conciliated by a liberal grant of furlough which had been before withheld, and it went on to its destination. Napier believed that the spirit of disaffection was widely spread. He had heard ominous reports of twenty-four regiments prepared to strike, and when he entered the Punjab he was not surprised to find that mutiny was there, only in a form of suspended activity, and that any moment it might burst out all the more furiously for this temporary suppression."²

With these instances before us, it is surely not too much to say that the Mutiny of 1857 was not the first of its kind in the Indian native army; and that it was the result of previous insubordination in the service. It is not our province to inquire here into the causes of that moral earthquake in our Eastern Empire. When the great military insurrection had been stamped out, a new epoch began, and the regulations and reforms which were then adopted remain in force to the present time.

As before 1858, the native army

¹ When the late General Anson was nominated in 1855 to the command of the Madras army, he had been nearly a quarter of a century upon half-pay, during which time he had done no duty whatever as a soldier. He had never been in the East in his life; and yet, after holding that post for two or three years he was named Commander-in-Chief in India; which appointment he held when the great Mutiny of 1857 broke out.

² Kaye's *History of the Sepoy War in India*, vol. i. p. 312.

may now be divided into three grand divisions, which take their names from the three Presidencies of Bengal, Madras, and Bombay. The first of these is composed of nineteen regiments of cavalry, forty-five regiments of native infantry, five native regiments of Goorkas, five regiments of Punjaub cavalry, four regiments of Sikh infantry, six regiments of Punjaub infantry, two regiments of Central India horse, two regiments of Meywar infantry, and the Hyderabad contingent. With hardly an exception, all these corps have, since the Mutiny, had their names changed. The cavalry has been entirely altered. The eleven regiments of semi-Europeanised native dragoons have been abolished, and their place taken by what used to be called "Irregular cavalry," that is to say, by regiments in which the men are armed, dressed, and mounted after the native fashion; a change for the better which cannot be too highly praised. In the Bengal native infantry, the numbering of the regiments has also been altered. Thus the present 1st regiment was before the Mutiny numbered the 21st; the 2nd was formerly the 31st; the 3rd, the 32nd; and so on throughout the list. In the Madras service, there are four regiments of native cavalry, and forty-one of native infantry; whilst the Bombay army consists of three regiments of native cavalry besides the Poona horse, three regiments of Scinde horse, and thirty regiments of native infantry. But it is in the Bengal army that the greatest changes have been made. The custom that had by degrees become an unwritten law from which no deviation was permitted, of enlisting none but high-caste men in the ranks, has been completely abrogated. In the dark days, twenty years ago, when we were so near losing India, these men were always the most disaffected. Since then, not only have low-caste men been encouraged to enter the service but natives belonging to tribes formerly unfriendly, and unwilling to serve, have been sought after and

enrolled, and they are thought more of than the Brahmins and Rajpoots from whom our regiments used to be almost exclusively recruited. But perhaps the greatest alteration is in the manner in which the native army is now provided with European officers. When a youngster went out to India, he used to be gazetted as ensign to a native regiment in which he remained on the list until he obtained the rank of major. Under the new system, the only entrance to the native military service is through the English army. An officer who wishes to serve in our Indian Army must first qualify and pass his examination, and enter as a second lieutenant in the cavalry or infantry of the line. After two years of regimental duty, he may apply, if the corps to which he belongs is stationed in India, and after he has passed a preliminary examination in one of the native languages, to be attached to a native regiment as "a probationer for the staff corps." Should his probation prove satisfactory, he is gazetted from the corps to which he has hitherto belonged, and entered on the *role* of the staff corps of the Presidency in which he is serving. When this change has been made, he is available for any duty in India, but, as a matter of course, the vast majority of officers belonging to the staff corps are employed with the different native regiments.

The system is a good one, and it must eventually work well for the Indian army. Not only is the service being officered by the picked men of the English regiments sent to India, but regimental duty with the native corps, instead of being shunned, looked down upon, and detested, as it was twenty years ago, is now sought after and prized by the best officers the State can lay its hand on, after they have undergone a noviciate in the English army, and a subsequent severe trial as candidates for the staff corps. These officers are men in every way fitted for the highest duties of their profession. But, like all new

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systems, it will take time to work out. Another generation will probably pass away before the command and officering of the native army can be entirely in the hands of those who have been selected for that purpose from the English service. But there is one great drawback, one for which a remedy is difficult, if not almost impossible.

In every Indian war in which we have ever been engaged, there has been one universal complaint made, alike by the commanders of armies, divisions, brigades, and battalions. It is, that our native regiments are invariably under-officered. If it was so, when with every sepoy corps there were at least fifteen or sixteen officers, what will it be when there are not more than a third of that number? Under the present system, after deducting the commandant, the second in command, the adjutant, and the quarter-master, there seldom remain more than one European officer for each wing of a regiment. Even if we suppose that in the event of a corps taking the field, these numbers could be doubled, what margin would be left for the sick and wounded, and where would the soldiers look for leaders after a few months of the wear and tear and casualties of a campaign?

There is another weak point in the system to which those who have a practical knowledge of India cannot be blind. Success with our sepoy corps has always depended upon the officers and men being well acquainted with each other. If the European leader, whether of a battalion, squadron, or company, has known the sepoys he has had to lead, and more particularly if the sepoys have known him, the result has nearly always been in favour of our arms. But where the contrary has been the case, when the European officers were hardly known by their men, the result has often been, to say the least of it, unsatisfactory. According to the present method of officering regiments from the staff corps, repeated changes are

almost inevitable; and throughout the Indian army the complaint is universal that a native battalion seldom has time to get acquainted with its leaders, or the leaders with their men. As yet, this new system has not been tried in any war of importance, and it is to be hoped that ere we have to take the field again in India, the officers attached to each regiment may be increased in number, and may be posted permanently to their respective corps. Looking over some of the latest army lists, it will be seen that in not more than two or three instances throughout the service have even commanding officers been three years or upwards with their corps; whilst, among Indian military men who have served with native troops, it is admitted that at least four or five years are necessary before the sepoy can place that confidence in his European leader which causes him to follow through any danger, difficulty, or hardship. In many—we might say in nearly all—the changes of the last twenty years, the alterations have been greatly for the better. But the two weak spots we have pointed out are vital, and they are more than likely to be the cause of embarrassment to us, whatever complications in field or in garrison arise in the future.

The history of the European portion of our Indian army will always be read with pleasure by the military student, and with pride by all who bear the name of Englishmen. From first to last—from the commencement of our conquests in India to the present time—our countrymen soldiering in Hindostan have never failed to do their duty. The European forces now in India are about 60,000 strong; of whom close upon 7,000 belong to the artillery; the rest being divided into ten cavalry regiments, and about fifty infantry battalions. Before India and its army were transferred to the Crown, each Presidency had three European corps which had been raised and incorporated exclusively for service in the East. These were com-

monly called the Company's European regiments; and finer battalions, or officers and men who had done better service whenever they were called upon, were certainly not to be found in any quarter of the globe. For the last eighteen or twenty years—ever since the reign of John Company came to an end—these corps have been amalgamated with the British infantry of the line, and are now numbered as the 101st to the 109th regiment, inclusively. They still bear upon their colours the honours they gained in former years, the names of every victory and every triumph of the British arms in India; from the battle of Plassey to the taking of Lucknow and Delhi. Perhaps never was there a greater mistake committed by the British authorities than the abolition of these corps. In many respects they were very unlike the rest of our army. A great number of the men were of a better class than the ordinary British recruit. They wished to become soldiers, but did not care for the routine of home garrison life, or the never-ending changes of colonial duty. They were thoroughly up to Indian ways; were well acclimatised to the country; looked on the East as their home; had most of them their wives and families with them; were ever ready to take the field, and were always first at any point of danger. They were done away with when India was made over to the Crown, only, I suppose, because of that uniformity on the brain which seemed at the time to have afflicted all our military authorities. It is a curious fact, that the French Zouaves were copied from the old Company's European regiments; the idea being that Frenchmen enlisted specially to serve in Africa, and *au fait* in the ways of the country, were infinitely more likely to do their work thoroughly than troops fresh from France. In India we had proved the truth of this; and the French profited by our experience. We threw it away. Since the amalgamation of the two Governments;

and the changes that have been wrought in that army, we must never forget that we have had no great Indian war, so that the value and worth of this new system has yet to be proved. The small frontier campaigns, in which three or four native regiments and a few cavalry have been employed, have not been sufficient to test the alterations which have become part and parcel of our military system in the East; and as it has been with the native portion of the army, so we fear it will be found with the European corps, the artillery alone excepted. One day or other we shall have some great disaster owing to the paucity of officers present with each regiment. Take for instance the cavalry corps serving in India. Formerly, when a dragoon regiment was ordered to the East, it was considerably augmented both in officers and men. Of the former, there used to be on the strength of each corps two lieutenant-colonels, two majors, eight captains (exclusive of the one in command of the *dépôt* at home), twenty lieutenants, and eight cornets. These are now reduced to one lieutenant-colonel, one major, six captains, and about thirteen subalterns. In fact, a dragoon regiment serving in India is at present weaker in officers than if it were doing duty at home, although it has in its ranks nearly a third more men and horses than it would have in England. The same fault exists in a minor degree in the infantry battalions serving in the East. They have now but one lieutenant-colonel, where they used to have two; ten captains instead of twelve, and eight subalterns instead of twenty-eight or thirty. The result of this extraordinary and ill-judged economy is exactly what might have been expected. What with officers on private or sick leave in England, and the vacancies that must always occur in a far-off country owing to deaths and other casualties, there are not, we are fully justified in saying, in the whole of the British troops in India, half-a-dozen regiments with sufficient

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officers to take the field ready for any emergency that may arise during a campaign. In proof of this, let us cite a fact. When, in January, 1876, the flower of the Indian army, numbering nearly 20,000 men, paraded at Delhi before the Prince of Wales, it might have been expected—and no doubt it was the case—that every regiment would muster as strong as possible in officers. Nothing could be finer than the appearance of the troops both native and European; but nothing could be more lamentable—nothing struck every military observer more forcibly—than the scarcity of officers with every corps. Of the cavalry regiments that marched past—the 10th, 11th, 13th, and 15th Hussars—there was not an officer for every troop; and in one corps two troops were commanded by sergeant-majors. In the European infantry, things were almost, but not quite, as bad. There was certainly one officer for every company, but in very rare instances more; and many of those commanding companies were mere lads who had only joined the service a few weeks.¹

It ought to be remembered that India is in many respects unlike any other country, and that soldiering in the East, if an army is to be efficient, requires a greater margin than usual for the supply of both officers and men. In former days, there were fewer European regiments in India, but they had many more officers attached to them, and were consequently always ready for service. Before the change of Government there were but four English cavalry regiments in the whole country. Of these, two were stationed in the North-West Provinces, one in the Madras, and one in the Bombay Presidencies. These corps were not only fully officered, but each

of them numbered seven hundred rank and file, with as many horse. Under the present system the number of regiments is doubled. There are four in the North-West Provinces, and two in each of the minor Presidencies. And yet it is difficult to say whether we could to-morrow send a really efficient cavalry corps into the field. If, on an occasion like that of the Heir to the British Throne visiting Delhi, regiments could not muster more than they did, what can be expected in the event of their being called upon suddenly to take the field? With the numbers that formerly ruled in the service in India, it was calculated that what with those who were sick, those who had not yet joined, or had joined but not passed their drill, and those who were required to do duty with the depot in India, about a third fewer could be gathered for service, than when the regiment merely paraded on cantonment. If we apply this rule to the cavalry regiments in India as at present constituted—and there is no reason why we should not—what, may we ask, would be the efficiency of such a corps after it had been in the field some two or three months?

But in India reforms of any description are, and ever have been, very difficult. No sooner is a proposal for any change brought before the Viceroy in Council, than every member of the Council seems tempted to write a small volume of minutes upon the subject; and, as a rule, the less practical knowledge he has, the longer is the paper in which he vindicates his opinion. It is only when some terrible catastrophe like that of the great Mutiny takes place that the rulers of India incline to make any change.

It cannot be denied that in many respects the position of our European army in India has been greatly improved. Take for instance the transport of troops to the East, when compared with the practice of twenty years ago. In those days regiments sent to India were embarked at Gravesend, and sent

¹ The writer does not make this statement from hearsay. He was at Delhi in January, 1876, saw the army march past the Prince of Wales, and having mixed with nearly every regiment in the camp during the time the troops were there, he heard everywhere, and from all sides, the same complaint regarding the scarcity of officers present with each corps.

round the Cape in sailing vessels; they never reached their destination under three and a half or four months. Arrived at Calcutta, Madras, or Bombay, officers and men being perfectly new to the country, were left very much to their own devices to find out what they ought to do and leave undone. A newly-arrived regiment invariably stayed for some weeks at the Presidency, where native liquor and sun-stroke acclimatised the rank and file after a fashion which did not increase their efficiency. Then commenced the tedious march up country—for in those days railways of any length were a dream of the future—during which the corps enlarged its Indian experiences by sickness and death, much of which would have been avoidable with a little care and forethought. If the troops belonged all to the same regiment discipline was well maintained; but it was otherwise with bodies of recruits belonging to different regiments on their way to join their respective corps. As a matter of course they were not so well in hand as older soldiers, and the graves at every halting-place spoke volumes for the waste of life caused by a repetition of the follies of the first landing, which were only to be expected from ignorant men new to a strange country. In those days seldom less, and often more, than ten or twelve months elapsed between the soldier's embarkation at Gravesend and his march into quarters at Meerut or Umballa. All this has been changed, and changed greatly for the better. Troops are now embarked at Portsmouth, and, whether recruits or soldiers, never without officers of their own regiment. They proceed in roomy steamers *via* the Suez Canal to Bombay; there they are not allowed to land until the train is ready to take them above the Ghauts. In three or four hours they arrive in barracks situated on a table-land in a cool and delightful climate. They are detained there till their Indian outfit is ready, and are then

sent by rail north, south, east, or west, wherever their respective regiments are quartered. To such perfection indeed has the system of transport been carried, that although the railway to the North-West Provinces is only complete to within a hundred and twenty miles of Peshawur, troops have been marched into barracks at the latter place forty days after leaving Portsmouth, a feat which a few years ago would have been thought impossible. If all the reforms required by our Indian army were as effectually carried out as those in the transport service, there would be little left for us to desire.

All readers of the Indian newspapers at the present crisis must be struck with the evident want of organisation in our army, even on the frontier which is supposed to be nearest the enemy. Ever since 1870, when the Germans showed us the benefit of army mobilisation, military men throughout Europe, even in peaceful England, have been eager to combine battalions, brigades, divisions, and army corps, so that when wanted for the field every man should know his place, and every component part of a force should understand exactly what it would have to do, and with whom it would have to operate, in the event of a campaign. Surely there is no country in the world where army mobilisation could be so well practised or would be so useful in an emergency as in India. But if we are to judge by the public papers, the destination of troops seems to be in as great a muddle on the north-west frontier as it was in England until the last few years, or as it was in France until 1870 taught that nation its value. There is no army in the world where a proper mobilisation of natives with Europeans would be more useful. Throughout all our previous wars it has been notorious that English and sepoy regiments invariably work better together—and indeed work only well together—when they begin to know each other. If in India we could

have fixed brigades, each consisting of two native and European battalions; if each division could consist of two such brigades, and each army corps of two such divisions; if officers commanding brigades could by long association with those brigades have an opportunity of knowing those they commanded, and if those they commanded could have an opportunity of knowing them, our Indian army would be in a much fitter state for service. In the different commands now forming on the north-west frontier, the regiments composing each division seem to be brought from the four points of the compass; and if we enter upon the war which is anticipated, and that war is as serious as most people believe it will be, we shall rue the fatal error we have made in not attempting to mobilise the army, like every country in Europe. From Peshawur to Calcutta, and from Bombay to Madras, there is nothing our troops complain so much of as the perpetual moving from station to station. It entails an immense expense upon all ranks, and does no good. But red-tapeism is in India a monster of many lives, of which it has not yet lost one. What would become of all the smart young men in the Quartermaster-General's department—what would become of the department itself—if the Indian army were mobilised and kept in fixed quarters, like that of Germany or of France, or as we are doing our best to organise for home service in England? Official life in India, if it believes in nothing else, holds as a heaven-delivered axiom, that what is new cannot be true, and what is not of old standing had better be avoided. Taking our Indian army all in all, giving natives and Europeans due credit for their respective merits, and taking into consideration the body of officers, many of whom spent the best years of

their lives in the East, it may be said without exaggeration that we have the material for as fine an army as could be desired, and one admirably adapted to the country in which it has to serve. Whether we have always profited by our advantages is another question. That we have done so in many instances is certain; but it is equally sure that in many others we do not keep pace with the times nor with those improvements in military science now common all over the world. The immediate future may bring to light many of the errors which might have been avoided in our Indian army by timely changes and reforms. Let us hope that when the reading of this lesson comes, our troops may not suffer too severely from that "masterly inactivity" which in Indian military legislation appears rather to be the rule than the exception.

M. LAING-MEASON.

[Since the above article was in type, a letter from an officer serving in an English cavalry regiment in India has been placed at the writer's disposal, and from it he makes the following extract:—

"I don't know what we shall do if the regiment has to take the field. Officers and men and horses are as 'fit' as it is possible to be, but of the former we are awfully short. I don't think we could march out of the station with more than three officers per squadron, and of these several will be mere lads, of no experience whatever. If the campaign lasts six months, and we have the ordinary number of casualties amongst the commissioned ranks, half the troops in the regiment will have to be commanded by sergeant-majors, or even by sergeants. We are as short of officers now as the native cavalry corps used to be in olden times. It is not fair upon us to have so few troop and squadron leaders. And from all I hear all our cavalry regiments in India are in the same predicament. If every officer belonging to the regiment was present at headquarters, and we could insure none being sick or wounded during the campaign, there would not be one too many. As it is, the authorities leave us no margin whatever for casualties."]

THE BENEDICTION.

From the French of François Coppée.

It was in eighteen hundred—yes—and nine,
That we took Saragossa. What a day
Of untold horrors! I was sergeant then.
The city carried, we laid siege to houses,
All shut up close, and with a treacherous look
Raining down shots upon us from the windows.
“’Tis the priests’ doing!” was the word passed round;
So that although since daybreak under arms—
Our eyes with powder smarting, and our mouths
Bitter with kissing cartridge-ends—piff! paff!
Rattled the musketry with ready aim,
If shovel hat and long black cloak were seen
Flying in the distance. Up a narrow street
My company worked on. I kept an eye
On every house-top right and left, and saw
From many a roof flames suddenly burst forth
Colouring the sky, as from the chimney-tops
Among the forges. Low our fellows stooped,
Entering the low-pitched dens. When they came out,
With bayonets dripping red, their bloody fingers
Signed crosses on the wall; for we were bound
In such a dangerous defile not to leave
Foes lurking in our rear. There was no drum-beat,
No ordered march. Our officers looked grave;
The rank and file uneasy, jogging elbows
As do recruits when flinching.

All at once,
Rounding a corner, we are hailed in French
With cries for help. At double-quick we join
Our hard-pressed comrades. They were grenadiers,
A gallant company, but beaten back
Inglorious from the raised and flag-paved square
Fronting a convent. Twenty stalwart monks
Defended it—black demons with shaved crowns,
The cross in white embroider’d on their frocks,
Barefoot, their sleeves tucked-up, their only weapons
Enormous crucifixes, so well brandished,
Our men went down before them. By platoons
Firing, we swept the place; in fact, we slaughtered
This terrible group of heroes, no more soul
Being in us than in executioners.

The foul deed done—deliberately done—
 And the thick smoke rolling away, we noted
 Under the huddled masses of the dead
 Rivulets of blood run trickling down the steps;
 While in the background solemnly the church
 Loomed up, its doors wide open. We went in.
 It was a desert. Lighted tapers starred
 The inner gloom with points of gold. The incense
 Gave out its perfume. At the upper end,
 Turned to the altar as though unconcerned
 In the fierce battle that had raged, a priest,
 White-haired and tall of stature, to a close
 Was bringing tranquilly the mass. So stamped
 Upon my memory is that thrilling scene,
 That, as I speak, it comes before me now—
 The convent built in old time by the Moors;
 The huge brown corpses of the monks; the sun
 Making the red blood on the pavement steam;
 And there, framed in by the low porch, the priest;
 And there the altar brilliant as a shrine;
 And here ourselves, all halting, hesitating,
 Almost afraid.

I, certès, in those days
 Was a confirmed blasphemer. 'Tis on record
 That once, by way of sacrilegious joke,
 A chapel being sacked, I lit my pipe
 At a wax-candle burning on the altar.
 This time, however, I was awed—so blanched
 Was that old man!

"Shoot him!" our captain cried.
 Not a soul budged. The priest beyond all doubt
 Heard; but as though he heard not. Turning round,
 He faced us, with the elevated host,
 Having that period of the service reached
 When on the faithful benediction falls.
 His lifted arms seemed as the spread of wings;
 And as he raised the pyx, and in the air
 With it described the Cross, each man of us
 Fell back, aware the priest no more was trembling
 Than if before him the devout were ranged.
 But when, intoned with clear and mellow voice,
 The words came to us,

Vos benedicat

Deus Omnipotens!

The captain's order
 Rang out again and sharply, "Shoot him down,
 Or I shall swear!" Then one of ours, a dastard,
 Levelled his gun, and fired. Upstanding still,
 The priest changed colour, though with steadfast look
 Set upwards, and indomitably stern.

Pater et Filius!

Came the words. What frenzy,
What maddening thirst for blood, sent from our ranks
Another shot, I know not; but 'twas done.

The monk with one hand on the altar's ledge
Held himself up; and, strenuous to complete
His benediction, in the other raised
The consecrated host. For the third time
Tracing in air the symbol of forgiveness,
With eyes closed, and in tones exceeding low,
But in the general hush distinctly heard,
Et Sanctus Spiritus!

He said; and, ending
His service, fell down dead.

The golden pyx
Rolled bounding on the floor. Then, as we stood,
Even the old troopers, with our muskets grounded,
And choking horror in our hearts, at sight
Of such a shameless murder and at sight
Of such a martyr, with a chuckling laugh,
Amen!

Drawled out a drummer-boy.

W. Y.

PARIS, November, 1878.

NOTES ON AFGHANISTAN AND HER PEOPLE.

I. *The Ways into the Country.*—The north-west frontier, which the Prime Minister wishes to rectify because it is not sufficiently scientific, is the line marked out naturally by the mountain-range inclosing the Peshawur valley beyond the Indus and Cabul rivers, which may easily be crossed in winter time by a bridge of boats just below their junction at Attock. The important city of Peshawur has a cantonment for ten or twelve thousand British troops within twenty miles of the Khyber Pass, the best-known and most direct route to the interior of Afghanistan. This is supported by another strong force at Rawul Pindee, on the main road to Jhelum, the nearest railway terminus to which is unhappily 170 miles from Peshawur; and between it and that city are two rivers and numerous streams, most of which are unbridged.

Another entrance to Afghanistan is by the Kohat Pass, from which to Rawul Pindee there is a tolerably well-defined track in the dry season, though after rain it is said to be all but impassable for troops.

A third, lower down the Indus than the two others, at Dera Ghazee Khan, has been rendered impracticable for the present by an unexampled overflow of that river; and as the whole of Upper Scinde is under water, any approach by way of Moulton, the river Chenaab, the Bolan, Miloh, and other passes, would be at present impracticable.

Our advanced outpost is at Quetta, garrisoned by about 1,200 men, but the road to it through Boogtee Derah is a mere mountain-path, utterly unfit for the passage of wheeled artillery. It is the road which must be used for the reinforcements of this handful of soldiers. From Quetta an attack on

Kandahar might be made, although we should have to face and surmount considerable engineering difficulties. The labour of dragging all that is necessary for even a small body of men over a height of more than 13,000 feet is of course enormous.

These are only a few of the best known and most available roads over the rocky and inhospitable barriers between us and Afghanistan. Besides them, there is one by Tal Chhotyali, to the north of the Bolan, which is believed to be tolerably easy, and leads direct into the Peshin valley; there is land and water communication by the Cabul river and its banks from Jellalabad to the Momund frontier by Shah Moosah Khail; there is a pass leading from the Swat country to Fort Abazie; and there are sheep or goat-tracks innumerable, by which the hill tribes descend on their frequent forays.

II. *The Country and its Products.*—The sources of authentic information about the Afghans are very few, and those who know them best, depend least on what they say about themselves. Cabul proper is the mountainous region north of Ghuzni and the White Mountains, or Sufaid Koh, and is bounded westward by the Hazarah country, and on the east by Abba Sin, the "Father of Rivers," known to us as the Indus. Adjoining it is the province of Zabulistan or Khorassan, the "Land of the Sun," extending from the snow-clad peaks of Ghor and Hazarah, southward to the Khanate of Khelat, with the mountains of Solomon on the east, and Persia on the west. These two districts constitute the modern kingdom of Afghanistan, which may be roughly stated to be some 460 miles

long from north to south, and 430 miles from east to west; say 200,000 square miles, about equal in size to France which has 204,000, or to Germany which has 212,000 square miles. Great Britain contains 90,000, and Ireland about 30,000, square miles. Its distinguishing features are the three mountain-chains that traverse it from right to left, the central range being the Hindoo Koosh, which terminates in the Koh-i-Baba—a huge mass north-west of and near the city of Cabul, whose loftiest peak, 18,000 feet high, is covered with perpetual snow. North of this range runs the Sufaid Koh, terminating just above Herat, and south of it runs the Siah Koh.

The land is well watered everywhere, though its rivers are few, and none of them reach the sea. The principal river is the Cabul, which rises in the mountains near the city from which it takes its name, receiving the tributary waters of various streams from Kafristan, Swat, and the north, and flowing eastward past Jelalabad through the Khyber Pass into British territory, where it falls into the Indus at Attock. The Kuram runs in the same direction, and the government of India has sometimes contemplated marching upon Afghanistan by following its course under the shelter of the Sufaid Koh mountains until it reaches a point commanding both the cities of Ghuzni and Cabul. The Murghab, a clear and rapid mountain stream, rising in the Sufaid Koh, flows northward to Merv, at a short distance from which it loses itself in the sandy wastes of Khiva, its waters having previously been drawn off in many canals for the purpose of irrigation. The Hari Rood in like manner supplies canals which water all the plain of Herat. The Helmund, which would have to be crossed by an army marching through the Bolan Pass on Herat, is about a mile wide in early summer, when it is swollen by the melting of the snows; but at its lowest levels late in April and the beginning of May it is split

up into many small streams, none of them more than three-and-a-half feet deep. It rises in the southern slopes of the Koh-i-Baba behind Cabul, and after running south about 100 miles to Girishk, turns suddenly westward, and flows about the same distance before emerging into Sistan, where it takes a tortuous north-westerly direction, forming a delta of exceedingly fertile arable land, the produce of which is more than sufficient for home consumption. As the fields are separated by quick-set hedges, the plain has a familiar, almost an English, aspect.

As may be imagined, there are all varieties of climates. In Khorassan the summer heat is scorching, and the temperature is usually very high in the valleys. The winters in Cabul and the surrounding district are so severe that from the beginning of December the roads are choked with snow, and traffic and business is at a complete standstill. Between the cold and hot seasons there is a clearly-defined autumn and spring, such as we have in Europe.

The two principal cities are Cabul and Kandahar. Native tradition claims an antiquity of six thousand years for the former, as well as the doubtful distinction of being the precise spot on which Lucifer alighted when he fell from heaven. The present city was erected by Mahmoud, and before the entrance of the British army in 1842 it was populous and thriving, full of bazaars, and resounding with the hum of life and business.

Kandahar is supposed to have been built originally by Alexander the Great, but since his time it has been twice overthrown by earthquakes, or abandoned for new sites. It has six gates and four principal streets, which meet in the middle of the town. The ramparts measure about four miles in circumference. The principal object of interest is the temple or shrine of Ahmed Khan, the "blameless king" of his nation, whose learning, sanctity, virtues, and victories have never been disputed either by

friends or foes. At the foot of the hills, to the north of the city, is a gold mine, which was discovered in 1860 by a shepherd boy. The ground was claimed as crown property, and has been profitably worked in a roughly primitive manner ever since.

Grains and fruits of almost every kind grow in one part or another of Afghanistan. Herat is the most fertile province, and produces two harvests every year, the average yield of which is forty-fold, while cattle are often pastured where corn might grow if it were wanted. Many of the hills and mountains are cultivated to a considerable height with patches of grain, or fruit-trees planted in terraces. More might be done in this way but for the poverty of the rainfall and the impossibility of sinking wells in such elevated situations. Sistan contains a great deal of rich alluvial soil. All sorts of fruits known in Europe flourish, though we hear nothing of those peculiar to the tropics. Tamarind-trees are everywhere, and mulberry-trees abound, the white variety being the commonest. The fruit is used not only fresh but dried, made into cakes, and ground into powder. The gardens of Cabul are noted for apples, pears, quinces, peaches, apricots, pomegranates, and figs. Grapes are abundant, large quantities being dried for raisins or exported unripe to distant parts of India, besides being used for wine, the staple manufacture of Kafristan. Pistachio-nuts are plentiful, and are exported principally by way of Persia. Dates and lemons grow in the valley of Jellalabad. Rice is cultivated only along the river banks; wheat, maize, barley, and millet are the principal food of the people. Madder is largely grown for export, rhubarb for the oil which is expressed from it, and Indian hemp and tobacco for home consumption.

The breeding of cattle is principally carried on by the nomadic tribes, and that of horses by the Beloches. Camels and dromedaries are the usual beasts of burden. Sheep and goats are very

numerous, and their wool is partly exported and partly manufactured at home into Persian carpets and Herat felts. The mineral wealth of the country, which is little known or developed, includes gold, silver, copper, iron, lead, and antimony. Sulphur, saltpetre, salammoniac, and salt are also found and easily worked.

III. *The People.*—We have said nothing as yet of the inhabitants. Some old Indian officers call them "niggers," or "demi-savages." Yet most of them have fine features and a splendid physique. They are said to call themselves "Beni-Israel," and to trace their descent from King Saul. Their Hebrew physiognomy, the division into tribes bearing the familiar appellations of Israel, Jusef, and Ibrahim, their custom of avenging blood, and of changing their possessions every fortieth year (a possible corruption of the Jubilee), make the hypothesis at least interesting. The hill tribes who inhabit the borders are people whose hand is against every man, and though some of them are nominally subject to the Ameer, there is no real suzerain, and no common national feeling, unless it be the universal hostility to the "Feringhee," or foreigner. These "Pathâns," as they are usually called, speak the Pushtoo language, while the name of Afghan includes all the inhabitants. Their religion is of the kind which, after rendering to Allah the prayers, ablutions, and fasts supposed to be His due, leaves them free to indulge their natural instincts. The women, who are usually pretty, are mere household drudges. They are often, however, the occasion of a relentless blood-feud, the prosecution of which through long years is looked upon as a religious duty.

One of their institutions is the "Hoojra," a sort of club where the male inhabitants of a village assemble to smoke and gossip. The spot chosen is generally the foot of a large tree in a central position, with water at hand. Here travellers are received and entertained, the *habitués* subscribing the

food. The regular attendant of each Hoojra frequently entertains these evening gatherings by his skill in music. He has to keep the place clean and tidy, to wait on visitors, to fill their pipes, &c., &c., and he is paid in kind by a certain portion of grain at harvest-time, and a fee at every wedding. The national weapons are matchlocks of a clumsy make, fired by a cotton match, and something like the old "Brown Bess;" swords, the weight and sharpness of which make them deadly at close quarters, and heavy murderous knives and daggers. The thievish propensities of the borderers have, however, provided them with a tolerable number of English weapons, to the superiority of which they are fully alive. In war, each man provides and carries his own commissariat, which, like that of the Scotch armies, who used to make such frequent inroads into England, consists of a bag of corn-meal. The Afghans add a mat to their baggage.

The best-known border tribes are the Afreedis and Wuzeerees, each of which are divided into many clans; then there are the Bonairs, Swâtees, Black Mountaineers, the Orukzyes, Momunds, Khutuks, Yusufzyes, Kuz-rânees, Bozdars, Buttunees, and Belooches. Most of them have a bad reputation for cunning and faithlessness, and have been pestilent neighbours to the Anglo-Indian authorities; but those who have been enrolled among the British forces have proved themselves brave and loyal. Faithful to their salt among themselves, where there is no blood-feud in the way, they are perhaps not so bad as they are painted. They are believed to number altogether some 170,000 men, but they are always at strife between themselves, and are never likely to unite against a common foe.

Commerce with India is almost exclusively carried on by the "Powindahs," or travelling merchants, who, in former times, conducted their "kāfilahs" from Ghuzni to Delhi, Agra, and Calcutta, but now avail

themselves of the railway which they reach at Lahore or Moulton, shortening their journey by several weeks.

The inhabitants of the interior of Afghanistan do not seclude their women so much as in other Mohammedan countries. A few in the higher classes can read, but writing is looked upon as a questionable and dangerous accomplishment. Covered with a long white mantle, and closely veiled, these ladies may be seen in the bazaars, or riding on horseback behind their husbands, or going in company with their female friends to some retired spot in the country, where they can cast aside their head-gear and enjoy freedom and fresh air.

Cookery attains the dignity of a fine art in Cabul, and confectionery is made in large quantities. It is the custom to send a "zujâfat," or ready-cooked dinner, which comprises an enormous number of dishes, to distinguished strangers. The *pièce de résistance* is invariably a "pulâo"—that is to say, a whole sheep stuffed with pistachio nuts, almonds, raisins, dried apricots, and preserved plums, and concealed under a mountain of boiled rice mixed with caraway, cardamum, and pomegranate seeds. It is succeeded by a multiplicity of sweet and sour preserves, candies, sherbets, and several kinds of bread. The crucial native test for Afghan cookery is the quantity and quality of the melted butter or fat of which it is the vehicle. The more rancid the grease, the better it is liked, particularly by the peasantry and the nomadic races, three or four of whom will consume the tail of a *dumba* sheep, weighing eighteen pounds, and consisting of pure fat, at a single meal. The Afghan *chef d'œuvre* to English palates is the roasting of a fowl. The toughest and oldest chancicleer that ever crowed comes to table plump, juicy, tender, and well-flavoured, for he has been slowly cooked over live embers, perpetually turned over, and lavishly basted with clarified butter. Game is plentiful in many parts of the country,

and makes a pleasant change in the bill of fare. Hares, black-legged partridges, wild-duck and blue-pigeons are easily attainable, and the Afghans are lovers of sport and admire a good shot. Larger game are wolves, leopards, and bears. Snakes and pythons abound in some of the forests; land tortoises are sometimes met with.

Some of the wandering tribes contrive to live very comfortably in their *kizhdi*, or black tents. One of these tents, belonging to the Kákarrs, was visited by an English party, and found to be thirty feet long by fifteen wide, supported in the centre by slim poles, seven feet high, and at the sides by others, four feet in height, across which were passed thin ribs of wood. Over this framework was stretched a single sheet of tough, waterproof black hair-

cloth, woven in lengths two yards in width and sewn together. The interior was divided into two portions by a row of sacks of corn, the one excavated two feet deep for the accommodation of the camels, oxen, goats, sheep, and poultry, and the other clean-swept and garnished for the habitation of three women, two men, and two boys, all of whom were healthy and well-favoured. In the centre was a circular pit for fire, the smoke of which had to find its way out as best it might. Dirt and filth of the most disgusting kind are allowed to collect outside the houses, but thanks to the climate and their splendid constitutions, the inhabitants do not seem to suffer from their frank defiance of all sanitary laws.

E. CLARKE.

LOVE'S PROMISE.

"I will come back," Love cried, "I will come back,"
And there where he had passed lay one bright track
Dreamlike and golden, as the moonlit sea,
Between the pine wood's shadow tall and black.

"I will come back," Love cried—Ah me!

Love will come back.

He will come back. Yet, Love, I wait, I wait;
Though it is evening now, and cold and late,

And I am weary watching here so long,

A pale, sad watcher at a silent gate,

For Love who is so fair and swift and strong,

I wait, I wait.

He will come back—come back, though he delays;
He will come back—for in old years and days

He was my playmate—He will not forget,
Though he may linger long amid new ways,

He will bring back, with barren sweet regret,

Old years and days.

Hush! on the lonely hills Love comes again;
But his young feet are marked with many a stain,

The golden haze has past from his fair brow,

And round him clings the blood-red robe of pain;

And it is night: O Love—Love—enter now.

Remain, remain!

U.

LORD LAWRENCE AND SHERE ALI.

It is necessary for me to correct a statement made in the article which appeared in the last number of *Macmillan's Magazine*, headed, "A Word for Ameer Shere Ali." It is there said that Lord Lawrence, after a delay of six months, answered Shere Ali's letter, announcing his accession to the throne of Cabul. In point of fact, Sir W. Denison, who held the reins of government for the period intervening between the death of Lord Elgin and the advent of Lord Lawrence, sent a reply on the 8th Dec., 1863.

I regret that the responsibility of this delay was erroneously attributed to Lord Lawrence.

T. DOUGLAS FORSYTH.